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Walmoral Hall

Winnipeg

June
1963

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Balmoral Hall

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Conducted under the auspices of the Anglican and United Churches

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Kindergarten to Grade XII

School Opens for Fall Term—September 10

For prospectus and information concerning admission for
September, 1963

Write to

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Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba



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OUR NEW UNIFORM



EDITORIAL

A WOMAN'S PLACE

A child is the weakest creature in our society. Capable of little, mean in understanding, seldom credited with sense, a child is not trusted to differentiate between right and wrong, or to know what is best for himself, or to hold responsibility in any form. A child has no use or purpose except perhaps to give pleasure to those more mature or knowledgeable than himself.

Yet in spite of his short-comings, a child is the symbol of hope. In him is a fresh mind, ready to be moulded by instruction and experience into a keen and able organ which will in time, supplant the minds of his elders and bring new and perhaps better thoughts into the world. In this way the world advances, spinning for ever "down the ringing grooves of change" into new phases of progress.

From the beginning of time, woman has been regarded as the "child" of the world. The first man who knocked the first woman over the head with his club and dragged her into the nearest cave looked upon her with scorn as a weak, fragile and helpless creature. And the scorn has persisted ever since. It has been a time-honoured custom to regard a woman as merely an adornment in the home and a necessity for perpetuating the race. A woman was considered incapable of understanding anything pertaining to mathematics, science, business, or politics. Her limited intelligence was wholly employed in playing the piano, embroidering a screen, or trimming a hat. If she excelled in these shallow feminine occupations, she earned the highest possible praise — she was "accomplished." Yet, in truth, she had accomplished nothing useful or permanent.

Unlike a child, however, woman was never given credit for being able to benefit sufficiently from experience and instruction to lead a useful life. When Florence Nightingale decided to become a nurse, she withstood the scorn of her family for years before they realized to their astonishment, that she was nursing the sick and wounded as well as and even better than any man. When our grandmothers endeavoured to obtain a voice in the government, it was regarded as a preposterous idea. And yet, these "children" finally succeeded in making their voice heard and the franchise was extended.

Since then the emancipation of woman has been rapid. Now she is established in every walk of life and accepted as a valuable citizen and competent worker in business, drama, research, medicine, and even engineering. The worth of a woman as a useful human being has been established.

But we, the women of tomorrow, have to keep this reputation valid. We must make our lives worthwhile if we are to justify the faith, determination, and energy which has been expended in bringing women equality. And so these days at school are days of preparation in order that we may be ready and able to take advantage of the various opportunities which will open to us as women. More than ever before we hold the future in our hands.

MARGED THOMAS,
Editor



THE PREFECTS

Marged Thomas, Maureen Brooks, Jean Hamilton, Joan Sellers, Susan Riley (Sports Captain), Jane Moody, Jane McDiarmid, Carol Albertsen, Joanne Sutherland (Head Girl), Dorothea Dempster, Linda Leach (School Captain), Judith Quinn, Irene Huebert, Carol Swindell.

OUR NEW UNIFORM

- 1901 — Grandmother wore a blouse and long skirt, and her long hair was neatly tied back with a very large black bow.
- 1931 — Mother wore a green tunic if she attended Rupert's Land or a grey tunic if her School was Riverbend.
- 1950 — With the amalgamation, Rupert's Land contributed the style of your present tunic, and Riverbend the colour, but this issue of the magazine contains the last picture of the tunic and introduces our new uniform.
- 1963 — What could be a more appropriate uniform for Balmoral Hall with its Scottish name, than a kilt? A kilt it is.

June 1963

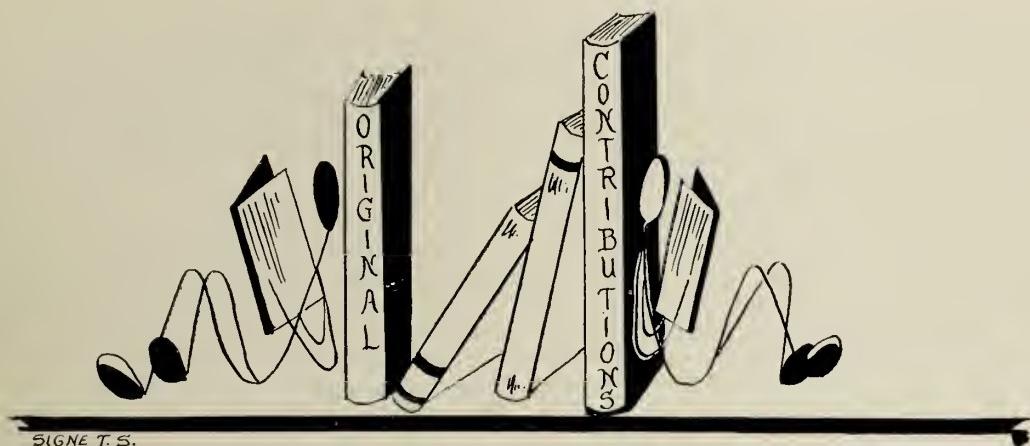
My dear Girls,

May it be a sunny day on Tuesday, September 10th when I welcome you in your kilt, white blouse, and green blazer. It will be a history-making day in the annals of Balmoral Hall and I extend a special invitation to those of you who are graduating, to be with us that morning, or to send your greetings if you cannot be present.

As the School year draws to an end some of you are already thinking of the holidays ahead, while others are thinking of the approaching examinations. Many of you Seniors are realizing that you have reached the top of the school ladder and must soon step, with confidence I hope, on the lower approaches of a new climb. If Meliora Petens has meant something to you, the road will nearly always be up hill, but you will keep on, and so will we.

To you who are leaving I bid God-speed, and to all a very happy summer.

Affectionately yours,



SIGNE T.S.

LITERARY ~

Tomorrow's Life

It had a black dust-covered jacket and was wedged between two much more inviting and attractive looking books. Being a lover of all books, I snatched it from its inconspicuous position and examined the small white letters contrasted with the dismal black background. **Tomorrow's Life**. "Sounds damn weird," I mumbled, sauntering down the great stone stairway gazing at the mysterious volume. A new book to me is like a life unlived and the anticipation before living it is overwhelming.

At last, stretched out on a roll-away bed in my single-room apartment, I began the most curious adventure I have ever experienced. It was a well-written book and interested me intensely from the opening paragraph. After two hours of uninterrupted reading, nothing unusual in my "book-worm" life, I began to get an extremely peculiar feeling about Carl Steegerson, the main character in the book. The author developed a unique picture of a man, each new detail introduced at a crucial moment, and yet, he left mysteries about the character strong enough to arouse the reader's curiosity instinctively and to keep his thirsting for more knowledge about the strange individual. I had never liked negroes before but the description of this man, even to the last detail of his appearance, appealed to me most unbelievably. I truly like the fel-

low and found myself earnestly wishing that I could meet him.

* * *

With a loud gasp, my mouth fell open and I rudely shoved a young woman aside in my struggle to reach the back of the bus. I had spied my mind's image of Carl Steegerson gazing demurely out of the side window. The rich tone of his dark skin, smoothed by a life outdoors, the chalky white teeth I knew would be there if he smiled, the ebony black hair, not tightly curled, but waved, the high brow, giving him an arrogant look so rare in darkies, all formed an invaluable part of the figure luring me to him. Two stops later the man arose, eyeing me suspiciously as my gaze had not left him since I appeared. After his departure, I chided myself for letting a good book catch me in its spell, but I could not help thinking about . . . about **Tomorrow's Life**.

* * *

I flicked the collar of my trench coat up around my neck and lit a cigarette. As I had been reading all evening, the crisp night air was refreshing and my thoughts wandered to the latest adventures of Carl Steegerson. How could his wife, about whom he centred his whole existence, be so heartless as to desert him? Didn't she know that he loved her more than the world? I could not help marvelling at the author's convincing style for I was really living the fellow's life with him. Suddenly I was jerked back

to reality, for under the nearest lamppost a dark figure lingered, head lowered, staring fixedly at the rough pavement. As I neared the lamppost, my heart stopped beating momentarily as I stared in terror at the face so familiar to my thoughts with a damp curl of raven black hair sticking to the lined forehead. The face, calm and unruffled before, was now a wall, holding back pent-up grief and sorrow. I watched his facial features tighten and then erupt in fury when, with a swift movement which startled me, the eerie figure flung to the pavement a tiny object that he clutched in his dark fingers, and then, turning, disappeared into the shadows of a worn and decrepit building. The object spun on the uneven surface, whirled around, and rolled to within a few inches of my motionless feet. I dropped my eyes and stared blankly at the gold wedding ring.

* * *

"The bus swerved, reeled, hit the curb, and, with a blast of air escaping from the left front tire, collapsed heavily, completely demolishing one entire side of the vehicle." I turned the page. The last few paragraphs completed the story of Carl Steegerson, relating his painless death as a passenger on the fatal side of the bus. Of course I knew my spontaneous fear was preposterous, but my liking for the handsome darkie, the cause of my anguish, overpowered my sane judgement. I could not obliterate his face imprinted on my mind.

* * *

I climbed the great stone stairway with the black book under my arm. Suddenly, on impulse, I turned and craned my neck to see the Greyhound bus which had stopped opposite the library. My eyes scanned rapidly the distinctively different heads along the window. Not a familiar face. Dismissing my fears as superstitious absurdity, I turned but wheeled about again to confirm my fleeting glimpse of a dark man running toward the bus. I opened my mouth to shout, but no sound came and I helplessly watched the image of Carl Steegerson step onto the bus, panting, but smiling at his good fortune in catching it. The sinking feeling in my stomach was hard to explain, and, as my gaze followed the vehicle into the perils of fast-moving traffic, I wondered . . . about **Tomorrow's Life.**

SUSAN RILEY—Grade XI

Award-winning Story-Senior Literary Competition

Peace

Peace can be the lapping of waves at sunset,
The waving grass in a mountain meadow,
Or the close darkness and stars of night,
A walk through a wood in fall
With leaves fluttering . . .
Peace reigns in the ruins of Delphi,
Where cypress trees whisper,
The donkey bells tinkle,
And the water trickles down through rocks,
And the majesty of stone stands
unconquered;
But true peace
Lies within the heart.

JANE MOODY—Grade XI

Award-Winning Poem
—Senior Literary Competition

Under the Brooklyn Sun

The Brooklyn sun seems to favour Crescentville Drive. Perhaps this is because this wooded drive is the "better district" of town, for its rays certainly never slant down into the shabby houses of Hudson Street. In this dark gloomy section of the town lived the Waldens. They were not quite so fortunate as their namesakes on Crescentville Drive; instead of living in a leisurely way in a grey colonial mansion, they spilled over in a two room home; this Mrs. Walden wore, not a blue shantung suit from Saks, but a clean cotton dress, scrambled for in Handy Andy's basement sale. The lives of these two families were in a different mould. In fact they had only two things in common: each had a nine-year-old son, Johnny—and each had to suffer a precious loss this Monday morning.

"Why? Why? First give me one good reason," demanded Johnny in the most frequent tone of voice. He turned angrily to the negro maid who was preparing the cheese soufflé for lunch. "Beth—Mom will be home soon, eh? In time to stop them, won't she?" asked Johnny, suggesting rather a command than a question. "Yes-and-stop-bothering-me," was the curt answer.

Her request was futile, for Johnny called to her attention to the doorbell. Beth let in two men wearing clean white jackets. They stopped politely in the front hall to remove their hats and then outlined their job briefly. They were not inexperienced and knew that their task must be done quickly.

They found the whimpering beagle in a dark corner of the basement. His dark

dreary eyes revealed many long days and nights of pain. Disregarding the frantic child's pleas mingled with insults, the two "delivers" gently lifted Casey up the stairs, through the hall, and out the back door. Johnny's cries against Beth's "Stop-it"'s were useless. Casey had gone forever to be "put away."

Mrs. Walden leaned against the wooden doorway. Her anxiety, almost completely masked was revealed by her beautiful, yet red, roughened hand on her son's head. She had always been proud of Johnny's shining blond hair which fell loosely over his dark forehead. Now he was wet and dirty as he quickly wiped away a tear, trickling down his cheek to join the pool on his chest. What was happening he neither knew or understood. He could only see that his mother was in deep misery.

Suddenly the hand, once soothing, pressed down so desperately that he wanted to cry out in pain. But he didn't. He saw the reason for his mother's unhappiness now. He watched eight burly men ignore the doorbell to his home; he watched them trudge into the combined bedroom-kitchen. Not able to endure it any longer, he darted from under his mother's hand to follow the workers around the corner. At last he saw what his mother had been keeping him from all morning. He saw his brooding father sprawled on their only bed, his dark, dancing eyes now languid under coal eyebrows. All of them threw in their power (one could have managed easily) to "strong-arm" the violent, dangerous man, the thief of sixty-five dollars from a home on Crescentville Drive, out of his home into the chill summer air. No resistance—Johnny resumed his place under his mother's gentle soothing hand. Together, silently, they watched him being driven away, the man who had tried to save his family from starvation.

MADELEINE MURRAY—Grade XI

The Escape

The light had been turned out and from the single bed in the corner of the dormitory soft sobs could be heard. Minerva Mullins was not at all happy at boarding school. She missed the family and the freedom she had had at home. She hated it here. All she could think of was escaping, leaving the place and going home. That night she had a brain wave. Now the way to escape was

clear in her mind. It was going to take a considerable amount of time, but it would get her home.

The next day she set to work. Being a bright girl, Minerva realized that she must have a means of transportation. Immediately she knew what that would be, but the question was where she would construct it. Where around the school could she make it, so as not to be discovered? She pondered over this for a long time; then finally she remembered the garage behind the school which appeared to be vacant. It would be perfect.

Step two was to find the materials for the vehicle. Since she was at a school, the chassis would be easy to get, but other parts would have to be bought. She sighted as she realized that this would mean saving her allowance and therefore staying in on Saturday afternoons. No movies, no cokes, but it was worth it. Tools would present a problem, too. She could find out where the caretaker kept his tools and borrow them secretly if she could get the key. One day when the caretaker was mending a table she followed him to see where he put his tools when he had finished. They were kept in a little room down in the basement off the room where the furnace was. As she watched, she saw that he did not lock the door. What luck! The tools would be easy to get after "lights out."

That night, after everyone was in bed, a robed figure crept out into the basement. Cautiously she tiptoed down the stairs to the basement. Just as she was about to leave the tool room, she heard footsteps on the stairs. Quickly she jumped back into the shadows. It was the night watchman making his rounds. After checking to see if anything was unusual, he left. Slowly Minerva crept out and tiptoed up to bed.

The next day she went downtown to look for pram wheels and a racing chain. She decided, since she wanted to get home quickly, that a racing chain would be best. The wheels were easily purchased but the chain was a problem. Either the second-hand dealer did not know what a racing chain was, or he did not have one. Finally in a dingy little shop on an insignificant side street, she found an old but still usable racing chain.

Now with the parts collected and the tools ready, she set to work. Each night after the lights were turned out she would tiptoe through the silence, through the

school building, put on her jacket and boots, which she left in a vacant locker, prop the back door open with a block of wood, and hurry out to the garage.

This went on for three weeks. Then finally on a Saturday night the vehicle was ready for a trial run. At twelve o'clock Minerva wheeled it slowly out of the garage into the street. It ran beautifully and Minerva was quite proud of herself. Then it happened. Just as she turned the corner, the chain broke. Minerva, very discouraged, wheeled the machine back to the school. All Sunday night she worked on the broken chain and finally repaired it.

During the next week Minerva saved food and collected things for her escape the next Saturday night.

Finally the time came. Dressed in a jacket and slacks and carrying the money and food she needed, Minerva tiptoed down the corridor of the residence for the last time. She wheeled it out of the garage, and as the clock chimed three, Minerva Mullins pedalled west on her four-wheeled desk.

RUTH THOMAS—Grade X

Canada

Canada!
A rugged nation lapped on either side
By a salty wave.
A maze of furry forests,
Of tropospheric slashing peaks,
Of pancake prairies, and of living waters,
Adorned by a radiant sunset,
And topped by an ice-cream north.
But we dare not speak of this splendour!

'Tis best we forget our glorious past—
The dauntless men,
Their dreams, their hopes, their labour,
Courage, determination,
Democracy—
The foundations of our country.
If these things were spoken of,
Why men might think us proud!

Come, Canadians! Let us be proud of
Canada;
Let our pussy-footed pens write of it
And our dull brushes dip in Canadian
colours.
For out of our glorious past,
And from the pulse of the living present,
Must emerge a mighty future!

CAROL SWINDELL—Grade XI

Red or Dead

Thomas Greenwood paused outside his red brick house and inhaled one last breath of the new spring air. Spring was his favourite time of year, maybe because it reminded him of his flaxen-haired fifteen-year old daughter, Sarah Jane. She had grown especially dear to him since his wife had died five years earlier, and he was proud that he was bringing her up by himself—unaided by his ever-helpful female relatives.

"Yes, spring really is the best season in the whole year. The birds sing and" Thomas Greenwood's pensive mood was interrupted by muffled sobs which echoed from the direction of the bathroom. Undoubtedly it was Sarah Jane. Mr. Greenwood raced to the top of the stairs and threw open the door. The sight he beheld fixed him to the spot and he grasped the door to keep his balance.

There in the centre of a profusion of topless bottles containing a bright liquid, paper with directions, and red-tinted towels stood Sarah Jane with a head of flame coloured hair!

Mr. Greenwood blinked rapidly a few times as if trying to dispel a nightmare, but when he opened them again and found the same sight before him, he cried, "Sarah Jane, my dear girl, what have you done to yourself? Do you know what colour your hair is?"

"I only wanted a few streaks in the front," wailed the girl, "but then . . . "

"But then your whole head fell in by mistake," finished her father sarcastically. Don't tell me the rest!" He clapped his hands to his head and tried to think what did one do in an emergency like this? Dial 999? Phone the fire department? Maybe Aunt Martha would know. No, he would handle this by himself, and as tactfully as he knew how. He turned to his daughter again and stated in a matter-of-fact way, "Well, wash it out."

"I can't. The directions say that once it's in, it won't come out for two weeks."

"TWO-two weeks? Young lady, you have to go to school tomorrow, and I refuse to allow you to leave this house looking like a-a fire engine. Surely this stuff will come out if we use plenty of soap, and scrub," he ended rather dubiously.

No amount of pleading could dissuade him. He scrubbed for half an hour, but that only made the colour brighter. Finally he

admitted defeat, but vowed that the following day he would buy something that would change it back again.

The next day, Thomas Greenwood viewed the world through "rose-coloured glasses," not by choice but because he could not rid his mind of the horrible colour of his daughter's hair. As he left the office about five, he stopped suddenly by his secretary's desk and said, "Miss Wilson, you wouldn't know anything about . . ." but then he thought better of it. After all, only adolescents are foolish enough to dye their hair.

On his way home he inquired at the drugstore about a new product guaranteed to remove all foreign colour from the hair. Mr. Greenwood did not stop to ask himself how the product would know which colour was foreign, and which was not. The druggist did not guarantee that it would work, because it was only in the process of being tested and he only had a sample. Mr. Greenwood replied that anything was worth a try.

That was a night never to be forgotten. Thomas Greenwood followed the directions on the bottle to the letter. The last step entailed waiting for half an hour and then removing the towel around the girl's head. Half an hour passed, but as the towel was removed only a scream and a thud were heard.

Sarah Jane's hair was purple and Thomas Greenwood had fainted.

JANET HARRISON—Grade X

That Land

I have seen the beauty of a tropical mountain
And the lapping of waves against its foot,
And the birth of a gardenia.
I have heard birds sing to the day
And insects to the night,
And the rustling of dry grass.
I have known the smell of a rain forest,
Hot, wet, green, and alive
And the smell of the sea.
I have felt the sting of a spider, hot against
my neck,
And the pain of crisp flesh, unprotected from
the sun.
And the loveliness of a shell.
All these treasured memories are dear to me,
And some day,
I will see, hear, smell, and feel
That land again.

JENNIFER WIMBUSH—Grade XI

The Little Shepherd

The sun was just sinking behind the hills, sending its last rays over the mountain meadow and over the boy sitting on the rocks, watching the sheep. The night's silence was broken only by the sounds of celebration drifting up from the village in the valley below. The boy winced as the noises reached his ears. Then he shook his head in an effort to shut out the sounds, his blonde hair falling into his eyes.

He was small for his twelve years, and looked like an elf as he sat there alone in the gathering night. His name was Jan, and he was a member of the tribe of Celts who lived in the village below. In fact, he was the chief's son. Yes, the chief was his father, and yet, Jan, was only a shepherd. He looked in disgust at his right leg which had been crippled ever since he could remember.

Usually he was cheerful, and he tried not to feel sorry for himself, but tonight was different, and he was indulging in self-pity. All his friends were going through the ceremony of being made warriors of their tribe, and, more than anything, Jan wanted to become a warrior, and make his father proud of him. All his spare moments had been spent in throwing his little spear again and again, until he had become quite expert. His difficulty was that he had no chance to prove his bravery. His friends had all been on hunting trips, and some of them had even been on a battlefield, but Jan knew that he would never be able to go very far because of his twisted leg. His only chance lay in killing some animal if it threatened his sheep, and wild animals seldom came very close to the herd.

He sighed again and absent-mindedly began to count the sheep. "One, two, three . . . fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-two! There should be fifty-three." He counted again. Surely he must have made a mistake, but no, only fifty-two sheep were there. Jan looked up. He strained his eyes in the waning light, hoping to see a white shadow in the distance which might be the missing sheep. He called into the darkness, but there was no answering sound, only the eerie voices of the echoes in the hills.

Alarmed, Jan picked up his little spear and climbed down from his perch on the rocks. Looking about him, he tried to decide which way the sheep had gone. Perhaps it had left to get a drink from the nearby stream and had slipped on the mossy rocks

near the water's edge. In that case, he would not need his spear, but perhaps from wishful thinking, Jan took it with him. He turned and started up the little path, walking with a decided limp in spite of his efforts to hide it.

Soon he could hear the murmur of the stream, and with it, the sound of frightened bleating. Hurrying around the last corner of the path, he saw the sheep. Just as he had thought, she had slipped and caught her foot among the rocks.

"She is certainly making a lot of noise," he thought as he started forward again to free her. Coming closer, he heard a deep growl. He froze and listened again. Surely it must have been his imagination. No, there it was again. This time a gaunt wolf, a giant of his kind, appeared from the woods. With his sharp teeth showing, and his yellow eyes glowing wickedly in the dark, he advanced on the helpless sheep.

Jan watched its approach, his heart beating wildly. He had never seen such a wolf before in his life. Since it was very thin, he thought that it must have been driven from its mountain home by hunger.

Raising his spear, Jan moved forward a bit, hoping to get near enough to kill the wolf with his first throw. The wolf, seeing the movement, turned towards him and leapt. At the same moment, Jan hurled his little spear with all his strength. Then he closed his eyes, afraid to see what had happened.

When he opened them again, the wolf was lying only a few yards away, and his spear had found its mark in the furry throat. The sheep had stopped bleating and was waiting for him to free it.

As he bent over it, Jan, who had been too shocked and surprised at first to know exactly what he had done, suddenly realized what had happened. That giant wolf, lying only a short distance away, had been killed by him, Jan, the chief's crippled son! That meant that he could now become a warrior.

Having freed the sheep, he drew his spear out of the wolf. Then, smiling into the darkness, he returned to the flock, already dreaming of the day when he would stand before the tribe and go through the ceremonies while his father smiled proudly.

KATHRYN NEILSON—Grade IX

Award-Winning Story

—Intermediate Literary Competition

The Broken Picture

The luminous yellow of Mei-Ling's dress, as she stood staring at the stern Victorian-looking man in the picture before her, sharply contrasted with the long, dark hallway. Hearing footsteps, she turned, and seeing one of her teachers, she gave her a bright, cheery smile. When she smiled, her teeth shone as white as a snow-capped mountain in the dark dawn, and her slanted eyes twinkled as the stars in heaven. The teacher gave her a light pat on the shoulder, and walked down the corridor to her classroom.

Watching this pantomime, unobserved, was a young girl, leaning on a door. Seeing Mei-Ling, she bit her fat lower lip with two protruding and rather dirty teeth. She hunched her shoulders up to her large ears, and her short, chubby, nail-bitten fingers clutched at the frilly, white lace collar around her large neck.

Looking at the small dark-skinned girl hatefully, her eyes suddenly turned to the picture just a few feet in front of her. Her face became as crafty and sly as did Medea's when mixing the death potion for Theseus. Glancing around, she saw a little piece of metal that had fallen off one of the desks. She darted over to the desk and back again as quickly as a flash of lightning, that on a hot, sultry summer's night flashes through the sky. Making sure no one was in the hallway besides Mei-Ling, she took careful aim, and then ran to her desk.

Mei-Ling, hearing a crash, quickly turned around. As she saw the picture lying at her feet, her heart skipped a beat. Slowly she backed away, only to be caught in the death-like clutch of Mr. Harrington's strong strong finers. "So, this is how our young Chinese school officer behaves," she hissed, stressing the word Chinese. "You are going to the Principal's office."

Annabella Brown, with all the speed of Hermes, ran up to Mrs. Harrington, dragging a red-haired girl with her. "We heard the crash, Mrs. Harrington, and I found this piece of metal beside the glass."

Hearing this, Mrs. Harrington motioned them to follow her. Walking down the hall, Mrs. Harrington held Mei-Ling before her, and the two girls following, they looked like a flock of geese flying south for the winter.

In Mr. Brock's office Mrs. Harrington stated, in as few words as possible, what had happened. As witnesses, she produced the fat Annabella, daughter of the president

of the school board, and her friend.

After hearing Annabella's story, Mr. Brock who had just finished talking with her father about their weekly game of golf, asked the quiet Florence Wheeler what she had seen. Hearing this question, Florence's large brown eyes started as a young fawn's might when seeing its first human being. Slowly she opened her mouth, casting a look at Annabella, and began to say something when she was interrupted. "Flora didn't see anything, Mr. Brock. She was sitting at her desk, but when she heard the crash, we decided that we should come and report it because we will be the school officers."

At this Mei-Ling broke out in a series of negative statements scattered with Chinese words.

"Mei-Ling, please be quiet. We have a reliable witness who said that you did break the picture and that you are lying about breaking it. These girls are the candidates for officers. It is not likely that they would lie. Last term you were appointed over Annabella, although you do not have the virtue of telling the truth.

"I am satisfied you broke the picture and then lied about it. A statement will go up on the noticeboard saying this, and I shall make a statement at Assembly this morning."

"But I didn't br . . . break it, sir," cried Mei-Ling, her hands at her eyes, which were forming a waterfall of tears.

"Would you please leave." His voice had an icy tone, and Mrs. Harrington happily thinking that her son, accidentally killed in a hunting accident by a young Chinese boy, had been partly avenged, walked from the room, followed by a smug Annabella.

In the hallway, Mei-Ling, feeling a hesitating arm about her, looked up into the kind and pitying face of Florence. "I am very sorry, Mei-Ling." I saw Annabella throw that piece of metal. I couldn't say anything, though. If I did, Annabella would never speak to me again, and she would see that I was never appointed to be a school officer. She could because her father is the president of the school board and Mr. Brock's friend. I have to stay with her if I want to do anything important. Here, take this piece of chocolate. It is very good because it came from Switzerland," whispered the tense, little voice. Quickly she withdrew her arm, and ran down the hallway to the waiting Annabella, her future assured.

THEODORA NANCE—Grade IX



Tomorrow . . .

Dey Taylor, Grade XII

Who Believes In Ghosts?

It was February thirteenth when Jocelyn Jones arrived at school. She was strange in her ways, but certainly not in appearance. She was quite pretty and had small features and a voice that sounded like a meadow lark. Jonsey, as we called her, could imitate birds better than than I had ever heard anyone do. However, she was shy and no one could pull her out of her shell.

It was a few nights after Jonsey arrived that I started hearing strange noises. Everyone knew there were no such things as ghosts, at least everyone except me. I was not so sure. My grandmother was a very superstitious old lady and had told me many a weird tale about supernatural things and, after all, no one had proved them not to be true.

The first night the noises started, the sixteenth, I believe, they were low and sounded like children's voices. I slowly got out of bed and started down the hall, and then I saw a ghost. Now, do not laugh. Perhaps you do not believe in ghosts, but some people do. If you had seen a white figure gliding down the stairs in a dimly-lighted hall, I am sure you would not have gone up and shaken hands with it. Well, I certainly did not. I ran back to the room and jumped into bed, pulling the covers over my head.

The next morning when we got up, I was not so sure that I had not dreamt the whole thing, but I remembered it so vividly. None of the girls believed me and when Jonsey heard about it, her face went as white as a sheet. Perhaps she believed in ghosts too, but she slipped out of the room

before I could ask her about it.

That afternoon I went up to the attic with Millie, but we found nothing. Millie told me to forget about it, but forget it I could not, especially when I heard more noises the next night. This time I woke Millie and we both paraded down the hall, flashlight in hand. When we got to the attic we searched thoroughly, but could not find anything. This convinced me that there was a ghost even though it convinced Millie that I was hearing things. As far as I am concerned I had heard something, and only a ghost can disappear.

I spent Saturday skiing with the girls and I saw Jonsey that evening in the lodge. I started to get up to ask her about the ghost, but she saw Mrs. Larken and went over to see her. I had the feeling Jonsey was trying to avoid me, but I could not be sure. I sat down and soon forgot about the ghost in the conversation about the holidays.

The noises continued all the next week but I ignored them as Millie would not come and I certainly was not going to investigate by myself. I did not think about the ghost often as we were planning a skiing expedition for Friday evening. Everyone was going, except Jonsey who could not ski. However, Lady Luck deserted me, and I sprained my ankle playing hockey on Thursday afternoon.

On Friday night after everyone had gone, I sat down by the window and started to think about the ghost. The wind howled and the trees in the valley started swaying. They looked like giants waving their arms as if trying to catch the birds that flew about at night.

Then the noises started again, only this time they came closer. I heard footsteps coming slowly down the hall. I could feel myself shaking with fear as the steps came closer and closer. Then the door started to open and I dived for the closet. I was about to shut the door when my curiosity got the better of me, and I left it open a little.

The door opened all the way and the ghost moved across the room to my bed! I just had to find out once and for all what was going on, and so, summoning all my courage, I stepped out of the closet. The ghost spun around—only it was not a ghost; it was Jonsey carrying a cage. I asked what she was doing and she said she had come to tell me about the ghost. It appeared the Jonsey had arrived at school with a parrot, of all things. I laughed as I thought of every

girl turning up at school with a pet or two. I promised to keep it a secret, and now when anybody mentions anything about noises in the attic, Jonsey and I smile at each other. After all, everybody knows there are not such things as ghosts.

CAROL EMERSON—Grade VIII

Apollo

The dark night is over, Diana has fled;
Apollo stands ready to rise in her stead:
His spirited steeds with bodies of fire,
Toss golden heads and stamp feet in their ire
At being held back; Ah, the time is now
come!

Jove's stable gates open; they dash out at
a run:
He guides his steeds upward, and higher and
higher

Climbs this god in his chariot, his chariot of
fire.

O'er the horizon, the first light of day
Awakens the peasants who reverently say
A small prayer of thanks that Apollo is here,
To shine on the crops which they carefully
rear,

And to banish the darkness which night
always brings,

This god of fire, driving horses with wings.

KATHRYN NEILSON—Grade IX

Sunday Morning

Solemn and silent day grasped the sleeping world with an icy hand. Stubborn clouds clung overhead as I adjusted my hat and stepped slowly out, Bible under my arm. It had snowed last night. With each step I sank further into the sticky substance which clung to my shoes and melted against my stockings. Even the trees creaked and groaned under their unwanted burden of snow. The chirrup of a sparrow faded as he shivered, shook his feathers and then abandoned his branch for a warmer perch.

Plodding through the snow, I gazed at the rows of houses standing side by side like stiff soldiers. Windows and doors turned to mocking eyes and mouths, laughing at the lone figure struggling up the street. Alarmed by these grotesque faces and my straying imagination, I hurried around the corner.

My steps crunched and echoed hollowly as I continued to church along the deserted and empty street which stretched vastly into the distance like an immense white carpet. The route seemed void of movement, for the only signs of human existence were the deviating footprints into which I stepped

that proved others had advanced successfully before me. Into these impressions a noiseless breeze scattered handfuls of snowflakes.

A vague want of companionship subconsciously overtook me as I hastened through the snow. Finally I could see the church looming in the distance. It stood, the protector of the faith, imposing majesty on all who paused to study it. With the dignity of an urbane host it welcomed everyone to its doors. As the last strains of the processional hymn drifted from the organ, the ushers opened the stately doors to allow one crowd of people to stream out, while a second filled their vacated spaces for the second service.

Even on the most brisk Sundays, the minister stands at the doors to bestow a hearty farewell on all his congregation. This morning, as an aged woman, bundled in scarves, was assisted down the steps, his unfailing smile rested knowingly upon her. I hoped that he would see me also. But the thronging crowd, eager to reach the warmth of their cars, pushed the obstruction in the form of a girl who gazes admiringly upon her minister, hoping to be noticed, out of their way. I clutched my Bible more tightly and stood aside while the remainder of the people hurried by with unseeing eyes, drawing their cloaks closer about them.

Then I saw someone I knew. Amongst this sea of strangers was a familiar face. She and I had gone to school together a few years before. Luck was with me, for our paths had to cross. My lips longed to curve into a smile and to wish a hello, but a lump rose into my throat as she passed. She had forgotten. "No one ever remembered now," I thought. "For life clutters the mind with useless nonessentials, and obligations are neglected, faces unrecognized."

Feeling foolish and meek, I reminded myself that it was Sunday, a day in which only good thoughts are supposed to enter one's head, when prejudices, aversions and animosities are to be left until Monday.

On the other side of the church is a second door, much smaller than the main one. At the sight of it, I finally allowed the smile which had played upon my lips for so long to show my feelings within. I hastened quickly through this door, and down the stairs, for at the bottom of them are the awaiting children who run to their teacher with open arms and happy hearts.

ELIZABETH WEBSTER—Grade X

I wonder why the snow is white,
And why the sun is very bright.
I wonder why the swallows fly,
And why we have the blue, blue, sky.

I know why the snow is white,
And why the sun is very bright.
God gave the sparkle to the snow,
With sunbeams dancing to and fro.

I know why the swallows fly,
And why we have the blue, blue sky.
God gave the swallows wings to soar
In the blue, blue sky for evermore.

NANCY RUSSELL—Grade III

The Magic Broom

One day a young woman broke her broom and couldn't sweep her floor. Her dog got the broom in his mouth and bit it in half. She told everyone that her broom was broken but nobody believed her.

One day an old woman who was selling brooms knocked at her door. The young woman was glad that she came. The old woman asked if she needed a broom, and she did, so she got a broom. The old woman gave her a magic broom. She started to sweep the floor but she didn't finish because the broom got away and started to sweep by itself.

If you ever see that woman you will always see her smiling because the woman never touched a broom again. The magic broom swept the floor every day.

SHEREE ANN KANDEL—Grade III

The Zoo

I like the monkeys at the zoo,
I like the elephants and lions, too.
When I see the badger he's guarding his cage,
When I see the lion he's roaring with rage.

The kangaroo goes jumping about,
Out of the pocket the baby pops out.
The tiger looks like a great big cat,
He walked round the cage, then down he sat.

CAROL WARDILL—Grade IV



LIBRARIANS AT WORK

J. Hamilton, E. Ward, C. Albertsen, E. Gaskell, N. Russell.

THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE 1962-1963

Eleanor Gaskell

Jean Hamilton

Carol Albertsen

Evadne Ward

Nancy Russell

SENIOR LIBRARY

At the beginning of the year, seven members of the Library Committee visited the Repair Department of the Winnipeg Public Library. Since then those girls have had ample opportunity to practise what they learnt, in keeping intact many of the most popular books in the Library. They have also helped to train the new librarians in the many phases of book-repairing and processing.

This year the Library has perhaps been most notable for the variety and interest of the displays. One of the first of these featured Shakespeare, and included many scenes from actual performances of his plays, a variety of theatre programmes and posters, and views of famous theatres built primarily for productions of Shakespeare. The French Display taught how not to "pécher pendant pêcher," and a "Careers" Display made several of the seniors think seriously about their own future. Other displays have featured musicians, Impressionist painters, and ballet, while Dr. Lederman's lecture on interpretation of art gave added interest to the Senior School Art Display.

The Annual Library Quiz during Young Canada's Book Week has become such a popular event that it was decided this year to hold separate competitions for the Junior and Senior High School. As always during Quiz Week, the Library was the centre of activity in all spare moments, and the obvious enjoyment shown at this time was evidence of the success of this event. The winner of the Senior School Quiz was Roberta Kipp, and of the Junior, Judy Dowler.

The Library continues to expand, and this year about ninety new books have been acquired. In addition, a collection of about forty paper-backed books in the Grade XII classroom has made available to that class a variety of reading material in both English and French.

The Library Executive and Committee are among the first groups to get into action each Fall, they work steadily each day throughout the year, and they are busy until the last moment in June, signing out books for summer reading. They give freely of their time and effort, but they are rewarded by the increasing circulation of the books and the importance of the Library in the life of the School.

The Junior Library

The Junior Library has been busier than ever this year. Every morning it has been open for borrowing or browsing, with the staff librarian on hand for guidance or help in using the reference sections. During the cold weather, when recreation had to be spent indoors, the Library was especially busy, some girls coming every other day to borrow books.

As a result of the increased use of the Library, a new problem has arisen: that of not having enough books to keep Grades V and VI happy. Many of them have progressed along the "Stepping Stones" course, and want to know where they go from there. A quick solution to the problem was found by bringing over books from the Senior Library. To keep supplying the urgent demand more than one hundred new books have been ordered for the Junior Library, many of them biographies or historical fiction.

Two projects begun last year have been completed: the subject file, which helps girls find the non-fiction books they want; and the vertical picture file, which contains articles, pamphlets and pictures on more than seventy different topics.

Mothers have been a very usual sight in the Library on Tuesdays. Sitting at those rather small tables and chairs, they have been clipping, sorting, and filing material for the vertical file. Without their many hours of labour the job could not have been completed in a year. Many thanks to them all for the time and effort they have given us.

The Kindergarten needed new books badly this year and there was a wonderful response to the letter sent out asking for donations. Thank you, mothers, girls, and friends who parted with once treasured books. We now have almost a complete collection of Dr. Seuss!

The Library was a scene of many interesting displays. The music display coincided with the week the girls went to the Symphony concerts. Large pictures of instruments of the orchestra were hung on the walls, and during Library periods records such as **Peter and the Wolf** and **Tubby the Tuba** were played.

Hallowe'en centred around UNICEF, with a display of pictures of children going to school around the world. Miniature flags of all the United Nations were lent to us as well.

During Young Canada's Book Week

there was a special competition in reading Stepping Stones' books, as well as a Library Quiz for Grades III to VI.

In January we had a French Week, during which Library periods were conducted in French, and French books were read by Grades V and VI. The French Consulate gave us a dozen gay posters to put up on the walls, as well as many pamphlets and brochures.

Astronomy, mythology, birds, and Canadian History were other topics of display. Each grade has also had a chance to display its art work for a week at a time.

With at least seventy books in circulation each week, there has been a great deal of work to do in returning books to the shelves, repairing torn covers, and keeping the room tidy. For all these tasks we must thank Evadne Ward and her committee. Without their day to day help the Library could not have gone on functioning; the Librarian would have disappeared forever behind a mountain of books on her desk.

Thank you one and all.

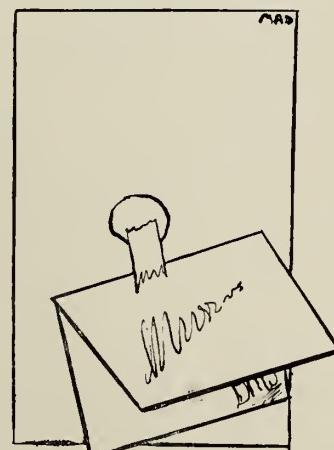
R. WALTERS

Autumn Plants

When Jack Frost first glides by
In his snowy, icy sled,
Each flower and tree alike
Curtseys, and bows its tousl'd head
For its lord, Jack Frost.

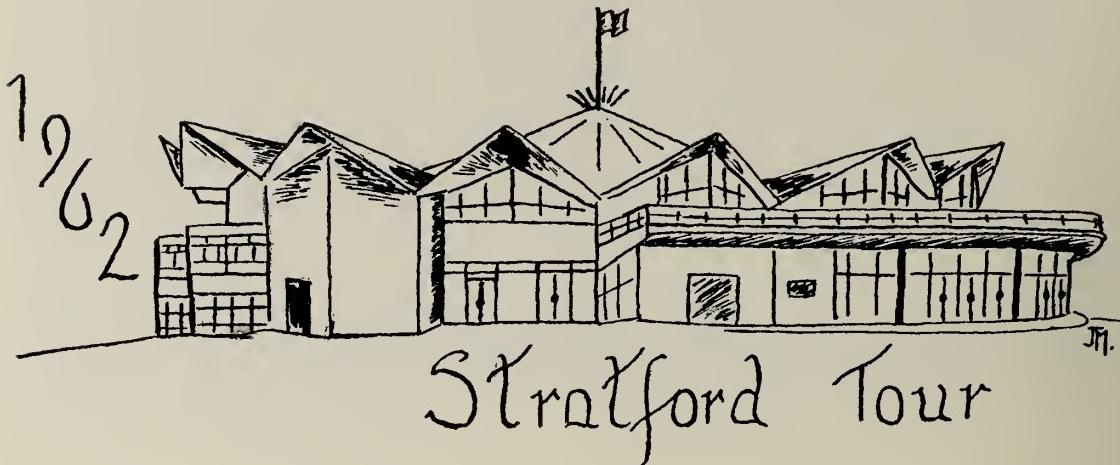
Cold winter is on its way!
The trees, for their flow'r friends, weep
Large, leafy tears. Each flow'r will
Curl up for a winter's sleep
In a soft, snow bed.

PAMELA WILLIAMS—Grade VII



"*Graymalkin Calls.*"

Madeleine Murray, XI



Jane Moody, Grade XI

Eight girls from Grades Ten and Eleven went to the Shakespearean Festival in Stratford, Ontario, last August with Mrs. Byrne. The tour lasted five days. This gave us time to see all the plays, most of Stratford, and a little of Toronto. The days passed quickly, but our pace was never fast enough to mar our pleasure. During the day, we usually wandered around the shops or went sight-seeing, while in the evening after eating at one of the many charming restaurants in Stratford, we went to one of the plays.

JOAN SELLERS

The Plays

The production of "Macbeth" was the subject of much controversy and abuse, largely because of the interpretation of the play by its director, Peter Coe. The costumes were primitive and completely lacked any colour or splendour, but this was an asset, adding a tragic atmosphere and helping to show the primitiveness of the eleventh century. Christopher Plummer as Macbeth was not striking at first, but I thought he improved as the plot thickened. I did not like Kate Reid as Lady Macbeth because I thought that she over-acted, and appeared almost hysterical throughout most of the play. The other actors, such as Bruno Gerussi as Macduff were excellent and created a wonderful over-all picture. I enjoyed "Macbeth," but I can see why it caused such controversy.

JANE MOODY

The treatment of "The Tempest" was realistic. The storm was represented by drums and artificial lightning, and the swaying movement of the actors made the ship appear to be actually moving. The costumes, designed by Desmond Heeley, were earthly rather than fairy-like. The out-

standing actors were John Colicos, portraying Caliban, and Bruno Gerussi as Ariel. To understand this play well, I think it would be necessary to see it several times.

ELIZABETH CLOUGH

On Wednesday we saw our only matinee, "The Taming of the Shrew." With much delight we looked forward to seeing Kate Reid and Toby Robins play leading parts. As the play began to unfold, I realized how much I was going to enjoy it. The acting and costumes were brilliant. This was the most amusing play we saw, and many times the audience was overcome with laughter.

CHERYL WHEELER

As well as the plays of Shakespeare, we saw "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Rostand. The production was colourful and lively, and the acting outstanding. Toby Robins achieved a great success as the beautiful Roxane, and Christopher Plummer was given a standing ovation for his portrayal of Cyrano. This was the first play we saw, and set a high standard for the other productions to live up to.

JUDITH QUINN

The Town Of Stratford

Stratford is a small English-looking town situated on the Avon River. Our first visit in the town was to the lovely Shakespearean Gardens. Divided into sections by small stone walls and pebbled pathways, the colourful garden was very attractive. After seeing the special exhibits and the film on the origin of the Theatre, we went to see the theatre itself. It is a circular building of dark brown wood, shaped like a tent. The surrounding grassy slopes and rockery near the entrance make the theatre most picturesque.

One day we set out with picnic lunches to find a comfortable place by the river. Having found our spot, we settled down quite happily until a pompous swan decided to join us. After a few futile attempts to make friends with him, we finally chased him back to the river and went for a ride down the river in paddle boats or canoes.

We enjoyed ourselves very much in this small town, and found it interesting, busy, and very pretty.

DOROTHEA DEMPSTER

Toronto Tour

We arrived in Toronto on Thursday morning, and after settling ourselves at the Windsor Arms Hotel we took a short walk to see the University. In the afternoon we rode on the subway and went to the Canadian National Exhibition. As it was very hot, we spent most of our time in the buildings where it was cooler. After a smorgasbord supper at the Exhibition grounds, we saw the famous Grandstand Show. On Friday we went shopping, and after an early supper, took taxis to the airport, talking all the way of the many new experiences we had had in those five days.

LINDA LEACH

The "Stratford" Evening

On September 29th, a Shakespearean display in the Library made an appropriate background for an evening of Stratford reminiscences. Each of the girls who had been to Stratford spoke on some aspect of the tour; her impression of one of the plays, the unique stage, the history of the Festival, or the town of Stratford. Mrs. Chown described the Shakespearean Seminar she had attended, and Mrs. Morgan showed a family film on the town of Stratford. Miss Oswald spoke of the Festival in its childhood when

the plays were given in the tent. The programme was aptly concluded by the playing of an excerpt from the "Merchant of Venice" spoken by one of the greatest of Shakespearean actors, Sir John Gielgud.

MARGED THOMAS

Speaking of Art

On Thursday, February 12th, grades seven, eight and nine heard a lecture by Dr. Lederman on the understanding of painting. She demonstrated by means of pieces of coloured paper, how the surrounding colours of an oil painting affect the picture itself. For example, when some red paper was held next to the painting, the students discovered that they were able to see many different colours of red that were hidden in the picture. Using a landscape of hot springs in Iceland as an illustration, Dr. Lederman explained that many artists drew figures in their paintings in order to accentuate the size of another object in the picture. After showing an impressionistic painting of a cathedral, Dr. Lederman said that an artist often left out many details hoping that each viewer would put in the details according to his own imagination. In the course of this interesting lecture, Dr. Lederman showed other famous oil paintings as a portrait of a child by Renoir, a landscape by Cézanne, and several works of Van Gogh.

MARY BRUCE—Grade IX

Fashion Show

On Friday, December 7th, in a room in the Hudson's Bay Company, a tiny figure clad in night gown and cap announced, " 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house . . .". Several other very young models in nightgowns then crept on to the stage, their eyes searching shyly for proud parents. After this introduction, a group of Juniors in stylish skating and ski outfits whisked across the platform on toboggans, and Seniors showed an interesting assortment of clothes for casual and afternoon wear. Finally, all the models together displayed an array of party dresses, filling the room with colour and a festive New Year spirit. Accompanied on the piano by Ingrid Hundevad and Evadne Ward, two choirs on either side of the platform, supplied soft Christmas carols to add to the mood of the Fashion Show.

SUSAN RILEY

Our Juniors ~



The Haunted House

It stood alone—deserted, forgotten but with a proud, haughty air about it. Any former traces of beauty had certainly been obliterated by now, although it looked as if it might have been attractive about two centuries ago. The old pillars sagged, the windows were covered with dust and grime and if there had ever been panes in them it had not been in my lifetime.

At night dim, mysterious shadows passed across the tiny attic window and the eerie glow of bats' eyes and their piercing screams were enough to make anyone's blood run cold. It was truly an old "has-been."

One afternoon as I walked home from school I felt a sudden urge to explore it. I dropped my books and yielded to temptation.

A few minutes later I found myself pushing through the dense underbrush covered with burrs and scratches and wearing a badly torn dress. I began to wish I had not been so impulsive in my curiosity to explore the old mansion. However, deciding not to stop, after pushing this far, I gritted my teeth and went on.

As I climbed the rotted staircase I grew hesitant, although I was still rather interested in my idea. I opened the door and crept softly and stealthily in. As I stood in the front hall I felt disappointed. Nothing had happened. SLAM! The door shut behind me! I jumped and swallowed a lump rising in my throat.

Next I faced the long hall and at the end of it I could see a tall, winding staircase with loosely-nailed, rotted boards. As I climbed it my "sixth sense" seemed to warn me of danger. But just as I climbed the last curve in the steps I saw ahead of me the unmistakable form of a man with all two hundred and six bones visible! I screamed

and ran, stumbling in my haste. Down the steps the skeleton came and out into the fresh, clean air I ran, leaving a puzzled and indignant "framework" behind me.

As I left, a disappointed skeleton took off his costume, heaved a sigh and said disgustedly, "Girls certainly can't take a joke," and as he left, added, "Not even on April Fools Day!"

MARY-LOU SWANSON—Grade VI

A Vivid Memory

It was the Lampton's first time in England and they had all decided on the previous day that they would all go and see the Tower of London. Tommy, Trish, and Tannis were all very excited.

"Isn't this nice?" asked Tommy after they had arrived in the Tower of London.

"Not quite," said a guard near by. "Where is it?"

"Where is what?" asked Tommy.

"What do you think?" answered the guard. "The three rings you stole. Two have the initials "T.L." standing for the Tower of London on the back. The third one is quite different. It has a block face with "T." in one corner and "L." in the other corner. Remember if your story isn't good, I can call the police just around the corner. Now, where did you hide'em?"

"You must have the wrong person," laughed Tannis.

"How can I when you are the only ones here?" asked the guard.

"I don't know, but it isn't we you are looking for."

This time the children knew the guard

was serious, for he pointed the gun at Trish.

"Listen Mr., you —," began Tommy when he was interrupted. "My name is John Newman—I mean John Black."

Tommy decided not to continue what he was saying for John Newman or John Black was now checking their pockets. He pulled out three rings.

Tannis tried to explain to him that they had bought them in the morning at Birts, and that the initials stood for Trish, Tannis and Tommy Lampton.

"All right," said Trish, "if you don't believe us call the clerk at Birts, and they will tell you we bought them."

John Newman did this, but said the lady said no one had bought any rings that she knew of. Then Tommy realized three things. Firstly the lady would not know about the rings because they had bought the rings in the morning and it was four o'clock now. The clerks change posts at noon. Secondly this man was the taxi driver who had driven them home last night and must have overheard the children's plans. Thirdly John Newman was the wanted criminal, and this is why he changed his name for disguise. Tommy explained this to the girls and they all chorused, "HELP!"

The police came rushing around the corner and everything was explained. The morning clerk of Birts came down and showed the police the Lampton's bill. The police were very grateful and at last they heard John Newman say, "I surrender."

The three Lamptons now left the tower to catch their plane to Ireland, but when the word "England" is mentioned, it brings a vivid memory back to their minds.

SUSAN OSLER—Grade VI

What the Owl Saw

The owl which sits up in a tree,
At night some interesting things does see,
For when the night begins to fall
Only the owl does see it all.
He sees creeping animals, very sly,
And maybe hears a coyote cry.
A frightened rabbit hurries home,
He fears the night when he's alone.
A little deer comes slowly out,
Watching to see no one's about,
Slowly he goes down to the lake,
A cool refreshing drink to take.
The owl sees it all with his big eyes,
But he's not the only one who spies,
The moon and stars are watching too,
As the animals sleep the whole night through.

ANNE GARDNER—Grade VI

Eskimo, Ho Ho!

One day a little Eskimo boy went fishing in his new kayak. When he returned that evening, he was very cold. The next day he brought a heater with him. But alas! the heater burned a hole in the bottom of the kayak. The boat sank, along with the little Eskimo.

Moral: You can't have your kayak and heat it, too.

BEVERLY KNIGHT—Grade VI

The Polka-Dotted Seal

Once upon a time, up in the Arctic, there was a little island where a pack of seals lived. Among these seals was a polka-dotted one called Willie. None of the other seals ever played with Willie and they were very rude to him because he was so different from them. Even his mother and father were rather astonished at first when he was born, and because Willie was their son all the other seals were rude to them too. Every day Willie had to fight for his food but every day he became stronger. Sometimes he went hunting in the ocean far away from the little island and that way he knew a lot of hiding places where he could hide when the other seals came out to fight him.

Life went on as usual for Willie and his parents until one day a fat seal came hobbling toward them as fast as he could, shouting as he ran, "A band of hunters are coming, we must hurry and get out of here or they will kill us!"

Then Willie thought of one of the hiding places that he had, not far away from the island. He called the seals together and told them about it. At first they would not trust him, but after a while they decided that they would have to go.

Willie took the lead and all the other seals followed. Around the island and up through the Strait, swimming as fast as they could. Willie finally brought all the seals and their babies to one of his hiding places where they were safe from the hunters and where there was plenty of food.

After a couple of days in the hiding place, the seals decided that it would be safe to go back to the island. Willie led them back again and when everyone was safely home, the seals praised Willie and made him their king. From that day on, the seals were always safe from danger and Willie and his parents were never sad again.

DEBORAH FERGUSON—Grade VI

A Friend Indeed

From her room high up in the gray stone palace, Princess Jocelyn looked down upon the sparkling stream which wound around the courtyard. Her blue eyes were thoughtful and her golden hair fell around her shoulders. Though she looked so pretty, she felt unhappy. As she sat by her window she saw children her own age playing and going to school, but she had to study by herself. How lonely she felt! Her embroidery lay beside her—untouched, and books did not interest her at all.

Suddenly she decided she would take a walk. As she walked along the brook an odd-shaped stone caught her attention. She picked it up, and turning it over in her hand several times, she had an idea. She would send a message to the world beyond the courtyard. Quickly she took a dark crayon from her pocket and wrote the following message, "I need a friend who needs a friend—Princess Jocelyn." Then she threw the stone into a meadow nearby.

A few years passed. Jocelyn became prettier as she grew older. She practised her piano faithfully and did her lessons. One day something delightful happened!

As Jocelyn was having tea on the patio, she saw a handsome young man come riding toward the palace. She quickly walked up to him, assuming this man was a palace servant bringing a message.

Jocelyn asked him saying, "What news have ye brought?"

To her surprise he said, "I am not a servant. I am Prince Garth of Ravenscourt and have come to say that I have found your stone. I am in need of a friend, too."

Princess Jocelyn was astonished that someone had found the stone she had thrown away many years before. This beautiful princess and the handsome prince became very good friends until at last one day he asked her to become his wife.

Not long after that they were married and she left her parents at Balmoral Hills and went happily off to be the gracious Lady of Ravenscourt. Never again did this charming princess need to send a message like the one she sent when a lonely girl, for she had found that a friend in need is a friend indeed.

RUTH GEMMEL—Grade V

Robin Hood

There was a man called Robin Hood
Who in the wood one evening stood;
He shot an arrow from his bow,
So swift and silent it did go.

High up in the air it soared—
Strong and true like Robin's sword.
And on its shaft so tightly laid
A message for his fair young maid.

When she saw the arrow dear
Her heart was filled with sudden fear.
Was he captured? Was he ill?
She read the note—he loved her still.

ALISON GREATREX—Grade V

Surprise Package

Aunt Martha was just going out to the store, when she saw a brown package on the doorstep.

"Well I do declare," she said. "What's this?"

She hurried into the pretty little cottage, forgetting all about her purse on the doorstep. She opened the package. It was a beautiful jewel box.

"Well I can't keep this, though I would like to." Her blue eyes twinkled. "I'd better put an advertisement in the paper. Somebody might be looking for it."

Aunt Martha hustled into the tiny bedroom, put the box under her pillow, shut and locked the window and softly closed the door. "So as to keep out bad men," she had said.

Off she trotted to the newspaper, on Main Street. The editor was very surprised to see her.

"What can I do for you Aunt Martha?"

"Somebody left a jewel box on my doorstep, so I came to put an advertisement in the paper."

"All right. Watch the paper for a reply," he said. "Good-bye."

After five days Aunt Martha decided no one was going to claim the box. Then the afternoon of the sixth day her sister phoned. She said, "You silly goose, Martha. I put the box on your doorstep. It was Mama's. Don't you remember it?"

"Oh, that box! Of course I remember it now! How silly of me! Thanks for the box."

COLLEEN TEMPLETON—Grade V

The Golliwog's Dream

One night, my golliwog had a dream,
It was rather strange I think,
He dreamed we were sailing on a wooden
raft,
In the middle of a sea of ink.
We were sailing on a wooden raft;
All alone were we,
And all we had to eat and drink,
Was raisin bread and tea.
Suddenly a wave came along,
And Golly clung to me,
And then that mean, enormous wave,
Swept us out to sea.
When next morning did arrive,
And I awakened wide,
I found myself in my own little bed,
With Golly at my side.

CLAI'RE ROULSTON—Grade VI

The Forest

The forest is full of beautiful things,
The flowers, the trees, the bumble bee kings,
The rabbits, the squirrels, the grazing fawn,
The sunlight breaking through the dawn.
Noon is next the sun is high,
The hopping rabbit who isn't shy,
In the trees the birds are singing,
And in the distance chimes are ringing.
As evening falls on darkened trees,
Murmurs still of autumn breeze,
Although the world is full of things,
I think the forest is king of kings.

BARBARA PALK—Grade VI

JUNIOR SCHOOL LEADERS

Debora Bloomer, Jill Kent, Deborah Riley, Diana Majury, Janis McKeag, Pamela Richardson.



Shadows

There are shadows in the corners,
And shadows on the stair,
There are shadows in my closet,
And shadows over there.

Some shadows come in daytime,
And some come dark at night,
Some come in the morning,
And some come when it's light.

Some shadows are of people,
And some of other things,
Some shadows are of creatures
And some are of birds' wings.

DEBBIE CASEY—Grade VI

What the Owl Saw

The owl's a wise old creature,
Who stays awake at night,
He usually goes to sleep
In the broad daylight.

Seeing every little thing
That runs or creeps along—
A chipmunk running home
A bird without his song.

The farmer's cat comes creeping
A searching for some mice,
A fox sneaks by the famer's house,
A chiken would be nice!

At sunrise in the morning
The rooster gives a call;
The night is finally over
The owl has seen it all.

CAROLYN RICHARDSON—Grade VI

The Unknown Land

Over the hill the Magic Broom flew
To a land unknown to me and to you
Where pixies and goblins and leprechauns
gay
Were waiting for us to come there and play.

Their games are great fun but a little bit silly
For they play without rules and run willy
nilly
They haven't got beds or tables or chairs,
And live in the woods without any cares.

At half past five we all had our tea
With dewdrop honey and wild sweetpea.
A few minutes later our broom came in sight
And homeward we flew from this land of
delight.

MARTHA PENNOCK—Grade V

What the Black Prince Saw

Long ago, a Prince dressed in sparkling
black was about to enter the Fairies' Wood.
The Prince was riding a wonderful black
horse.

Suddenly he heard lovely soft voices
singing. He was amazed and he soon fell
in love with the voices.

He peeped around a tree and was as-
tonished to see pretty fairies coming down
a rainbow. The leading fairy was the love-
liest of them all. Millions of the nice fairies
stepped daintily down the rainbow.

Suddenly, the Black Prince's horse snor-
ted. The fairies flew up into the air and
flew into the top of the trees and disappear-
ed. The Prince was horrified to scare away
the beautiful fairies.

He waited for a while and they came
out. They danced for a long time. In a
while the moon came out. They looked even
prettier than in the day.

Soon they grew very tired. The Queen
got up and led the other fairies back up the
rainbow again.

The Black Prince and his horse trotted
through the forest. He never saw the fairies
again.

DONNA ROGERS—Grade IV

Aunt Martha's Jewel Box

In the days of elves lived an old woman
whose name was Aunt Martha. Like most
women in those days she had a jewel box.
It was not like the other ones because it
had carved figures of wood and rare jewels.
In it was a hidden keyhole which looked like
a jewel. The key to it was in Aunt Martha's
pocket. Aunt Martha had two children, Jack
and Jill.

One night Aunt Martha went to bed.
The minute she fell asleep some elves took
the key and the box.

In the morning Aunt Martha noticed it
was gone. She told the children who were
sad also.

At last they set out to find the jewel box.
First they consulted a talking duck who
said, "I saw a beautiful box of jewels and
its key was like the missing one. I haven't
seen it since." Jill thanked the duck and off
they went to see the wise man.

When at the wise man's house they
poured out the story. The wise man called
the elves who brought the jewel box and the
key. Jack, Jill and happy Aunt Martha went
home. Aunt Martha has a watch dog to
guard it. It has not been stolen since.

ELIZABETH HAWORTH—Grade IV

Mut Motel

If I kept a motel it wouldn't be,
For grown-ups, or children like you and me,
It would be for pups and kittens and cats
And lean hungry dogs with ribs like slats.

I'd take in all those who wanted to stay,
And never suggest that they be on their
way,
I'd serve them with some pet food too,
And give them big bones if they wanted to
chew.

GRACE-EVELYN MATTHEWS—Grade V

Up and down
Down and up
See my toothbrush go.
That's the way to have
Clean teeth
Shining in a row.

ALLISON WOOD—Grade II

Aunt Martha's Jewel Box

Once upon a time there was a very poor lady. But one day an angel came and she said, "Fear not; for lo, I bring you a lovely jewel box made of gold with a beautiful pink rose on top." In it were diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. She knew some poor children down the street, and she asked them if they would be her children. They were happy to come and live with her and Aunt Martha was not lonesome any more.

SERENA SUSAN RICHARDSON—Grade II

The Fiery Dragon

Once there was a dragon but it wasn't an ordinary dragon because every time it opened its mouth fire came out and burned everything. Then one day a king heard about the dragon. He got angry. Meanwhile in the forest the dragon was sleeping. The king's knights were looking for him. When he heard their footsteps he came out with fire coming out of his mouth. He scared them so that they turned pale and ran for their lives. The king was so cross that he went himself. Then he saw the dragon and he walked right up to the dragon and killed him.

SUSAN McCREA—Grade II

The Birthday Present

Once upon a time there was a little girl and her name was Brenda. Her mother sent her to the store to buy a lovely jewel box for Aunt Martha's birthday. When she got to the store there were so many boxes but she picked the one she thought was the prettiest. When she got home her mother thought it was a very pretty box. Then her mother opened it. She saw a little ballerina doll dressed in blue lace with pearls in her hair and she wore golden slippers. Aunt Martha loves her little ballerina and her lovely jewel box. She shows it to all her friends.

LEAGH PHILLIPS—Grade II

The Magic Broom

The magic broom went for a trip. It landed in another country. It saw a kitchen so it went in and hid behind the door. The old woman who lived in the kitchen was poor and sometimes went to work for other people. She found this magic broom and took it to sweep the rooms she had to clean. The magic broom went by itself around the whole house and cleaned it so fast and made it so shiny that the people gave the woman more money. Soon she did not have to work so hard any more.

HARRIET CARTER—Grade II



OUR KINDERGARTEN AT WORK

The Golliwog's Dream

The golliwog boy was going to bed. His mother came in to say goodnight. Golly couldn't go to sleep. After a long time he fell asleep. Then he had a dream. This was his dream.

Suddenly Golly heard a loud noise. He speedily dressed and ran outside.

Then he saw a Flying Saucer lying in the orchard. He saw a little green man standing beside the Flying Saucer.

When Golly asked him where he came from, he said, "I come from Venus."

Then he asked Golly whether he would like a ride in the Flying Saucer. Golly cried, "Oh I'd love to." So he climbed in. There was a loud whirring noise and off they started.

Suddenly they landed. They were on Venus.

Green men came running from every direction. The green man showed them what he had brought from earth. They said they didn't like him. They charged at him and he started to run.

"Help, Help," he shouted. Suddenly he felt himself falling.

"Wake up, dear," he heard somebody call.

He woke up to find his mother leaning anxiously over him. Then he told her all about his dream and she laughed. "I know somebody who musn't watch T.V. tonight," she said.

CAROL WARDILL—Grade IV

I Wonder Why

I wonder why we sleep at night,
And wake up in the morning light.
I wonder why the sky is blue,
And why I am not like you.

I wonder why the birds can fly,
And we can't sail up in the sky.
I wonder how the bee makes honey,
And why the monkey is so funny.

I think of these things every day,
When at school and when at play.
I want to find out why before
I have to wonder anymore.

DARCY McKEAG—Grade III

Shadows

When I go to bed at night
Mother turns on a dim hall light.
And everyone who passes by
Makes a shadow past my eyes.

Some look like a giant's stride
So under the covers I quickly hide.
Some look like fairies gay
Dancing, dancing all the way.

I see so many lovely things
Like crowns and jewels, queens and kings
And as I lie and count the sheep,
I grow so tired I fall asleep.

MILY SPOONER—Grade III

Over The Hill

A little girl and her dog wanted to go sliding with their sleigh. There was a little hill about a mile away where there was a good slide. The girl's name was Mary and her dog was called Snowball, because he was so white.

Mary took her sleigh and Snowball was running beside her. They walked along till they reached the hill. Over the hill they went to the slide. They had lots of fun sliding until the sleigh bumped into a tree. Mary tried to stand up but her leg hurt too much. She began to cry.

Snowball ran around Mary but she wouldn't play so he knew something was wrong. He ran home and barked at the door. Mother opened the door and Snowball tugged and pulled at her skirt until she followed him all the way over the hill.

When she saw Mary crying mother picked her up and took her home. She called the doctor. He found her leg was broken.

At supper Snowball had the best supper of all for being such a good dog.

NANCY RUSSELL—Grade III

Over The Hill

Up the hill we run and play
All upon a winter's day.
Down we go upon our sleigh
Laughing, laughing all the way.

When we get tired, home we go,
And mother gives us hot cocoa.
After that we have a nap
And fall asleep on father's lap.

LOUISE NEBB—Grade III

Mrs. Turtle's Tea Party

One Saturday morning Mrs. Turtle got up bright and early. She was having a tea party and had to go and get some bugs and flies to eat at the party. She was inviting Mrs. Joan Toad and Mrs. Heather Frog, and all the rest of the frogs in the town of Muddy Water to her party.

She didn't know what to use as a table so she decided to use the backs of her children. She went outside to get them and told them that she would have to use them as a table.

She set the table, then she heard a ring at the door. There in the doorway were guests. When they sat down to eat, one of the children sneezed and all the dishes went all over the floor and some were broken. That was the end of the party.

Everyone felt sorry for Mrs. Turtle because some of her good dishes were broken.

They had a meeting and all the guests got her a cup and a saucer. They had a party and gave her their presents.

MILO SPOONER—Grade III

My chatty Kathy talks,
But she does not walk.
She has black curls,
Like all lucky girls.

CATHERINE McINTOSH—Grade I

The Little Lamb

Once upon a time there was a little lamb and he went out in the forest and he saw a little girl. He saw the little girl picking flowers, and he went with the little girl to her home. They went in her house, he had something to eat. When he had eaten he went out in the forest again. He went far, far away and he was lost, but he followed his little footprints and found his way home.

JOYCE CHEGWIN—Grade I

It makes me happy
As can be,
To see a kitty
Climb a tree.

I mustn't stop
To talk, you see
Because it's schootime
Now for me.

ALLISON WOOD—Grade II

The Golliwog's Dream

One day by a rippling stream sat a golliwog. As the little golliwog watched the water go by, his little head began to nod, and then he went to sleep.

He dreamed that he was walking slowly through the woods. Just then he saw tiny people moving among the leaves, they were fairies. Each fairy had a tiny pot of paint and a paint brush. The fairies painted some leaves red, some yellow and some gold.

Suddenly a fish jumped in the stream and made such a splash that it wakened the golliwog. He saw that all the leaves were green. Then he stood up and went to look for the pots and brushes and the fairies, but he could not find them. He knew that he had been dreaming.

SUSAN DANIELS—Grade III

At The Beach

One day the sun was shining. A boy and girl were at the beach. They were playing in the sand and they were swimming in the water. It was warm that day so the little girl went swimming in the water, and the boy started to make a sandcastle. He put big and little stones around the sandcastle. Then, when he had finished it, he called to the little girl, "Susan, Susan, come on and see my castle." Susan came in from the water and looked at the castle. She said, "That's nice!" Then they went home together.

SIGNEY STEWART—Grade I

Oh me, the cat,
Oh me, the pup
Can go out in the cold
And not button up.

LEAGH PHILLIPS—Grade II

An Exciting Day

One day a boy and a girl went out in the woods. They took with them their kite. While the boy went to get his bike the girl stood by the kite. Then she threw it up in the air and she held on to the string and the wind carried her away. When the boy came back he saw that his kite and his sister were gone. He looked to his right, he looked to his left, but he could not see the kite or his sister. Then he looked up into the sky, and he saw his sister and the kite. He called to his sister and said, "I will help you get down." He fetched his father with a helicopter and a rope and they got her down.

BARBARA ASHDOWN—Grade I



Red Feather Fiesta

This year we had two main objectives in October—the Initiation of new girls and the Community Chest Campaign. The Prefects decided to combine these two functions and hold a "Red Feather Fiesta," hoping to raise enough money for us to be a "Gold Feather Giver" and, if possible, to buy a new record player for the Common Room.

Initiation itself was planned to help the Fiesta. The new girls wore large red feathers for the preceding week, and worked hard selling tickets and helping with preparations. On November 2nd, they laboured in the traditional way, carrying old girls' books, polishing shoes and reciting the Prefects' Pledge. By nightfall it was impossible to tell the new girls from the old among the colourful Spanish peasants and aristocrats who attended the Fiesta.

It was an evening of fun for everyone. After some quick "News Flashes" from the Prefects, Miss Murrell-Wright cut the red ribbon, thus opening the Fiesta. Everyone sang, "Getting to Know You," and then sales began.

Colourful booths lined the gymnasium while in the centre stood a table holding a jar of beans and a beautiful Christmas cake. Around the Fish Pond, many colourful fish dangled in a net while across the gymnasium a lighted tree stood above the Christmas Gift Booth. Gifts from all over the world sold quickly at the Seven Seas Booth, while, close by, the Fiesta Specialty Madcaps were soon sold out. Around these booths, people were occupied in throwing darts, getting a ball in the Clown's mouth, and playing other such games.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Miss Martin had won herself an apple by half submerging her head in a tub of water while admiring Juniors awaited their turn. Those not so fond of water tried to bite an apple off a string. Some who had exhausted themselves playing ping-pong, shuffleboard, or golf, sat down with a hot-dog to try and put names to the Grade Twelve "Baby Pictures." In the centre of the room a steady flow of people flocked to play Bingo, and outside, the candy and popcorn business flourished.

At nine forty-five, all sales stopped, and everyone gathered around the piano. We sang while waiting for the final total to be calculated, and the prizes for certain activities were presented. Mary Hamilton won the cake for guessing its weight, Madeleine

won the last "Brenda Balmoral" for calculating the number of beans in the jar, and Dawn Smith claimed the Buried Treasure. The evening ended with the enthusiastic singing of the School Song, and everyone went home "poorer in pocket, but richer in heart."

The financial goal for the Fiesta had been set at one hundred and thirty dollars, and a thermometer had been placed outside the gymnasium to show progress towards this goal. By nine o'clock, the "mercury" was up to the ceiling, and so we had to wait until the end of the evening to hear the final total of three hundred and fifty three dollars. Two hundred dollars of this was sent to the Community Chest, and the fifty convenors proudly wore the gold feathers sent in recognition of this effort.

DOROTHEA DEMPSTER
MARYEL ANDISON
DIANE MORTON

United Nations Day

October 24, 1962

We were all reminded on Wednesday morning, October 24th, that this was United Nations Day — a day of major importance to nations all over the earth. Flags of over one hundred members of the United Nations were displayed in the library and books and pamphlets invited students to learn more about the work of this international organization established on October 24, 1945.

"Where is thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?"

We thought seriously about the question as we sang these lines in our opening hymn at Morning Prayers during the early hours of the Cuban crisis. It may have been the very question the member nations asked themselves when they formed an organization for the preservation of world peace.

To help us understand the significance of the United Nations Day, Miss Murrell-Wright read part of the pledge of the United Nations. After Prayers we went outside to the flagpole. We may remember shivering in the blowing snow as Jane Moody lowered the Union Jack to replace it with a United Nations flag which was her gift to the school, but let us hope we always will remember the last line of our closing hymn that Morning, as a promise that the work of the United Nations will be rewarded and . . .

"Earth shall be fair and all her folk be one!"
SUSAN RILEY



GRADE XII IN THE MUSIC ROOM

The Carol Service

Crowded stores and Christmas present problems were soon forgotten as we gathered on two afternoons to remember the true meaning of Christmas, the gift of the Son of God. The first service was for Junior School parents and friends and the second for the Senior School.

The choir, carrying candles, led the School into the hall to the strains of "Once in Royal David's City." Following the Opening Prayer, a Recital of Carols opened with Martin Shaw's exhilarating "Fanfare" sung by the choir. The first Junior School Choir Grades I, II and III, sang the Czech carol "Rocking" and Grades IV, V and VI followed with their version of the French "Bell Carol". The Choir ended the carols with "The Flowering Manger" by Percy Buck, and "Ding Dong Merrily on High."

The story of the Nativity was presented by members of the Senior School with passages from the New Testament read by members of the Junior School at the first service and by Seniors at the second.

After the Benediction had been pronounced, the School recessed, singing with the congregation, "The First Nowell". As the echoes of this carol died away many people remarked that the service was a lovely beginning to the holiday season.

JANET HARRISON

The Orchestra Throughout The Ages

On Thursday, October 4th, Grades Four, Five and Six went to a Symphony Concert. Victor Feldbrill was the conductor.

The first item was "Hungarian Dance No. 6" by Brahms. The music was written for gypsy dances, and was light, gay and fast. You could imagine gypsies dancing gaily and shaking tambourines.

Before "Suite for Strings" by Purcell Mr. Feldbrill told us about some stringed instruments. The third composition was "The Water Music," by Handel. This was a fascinating piece, and I wished I could join the musicians on their trip down the Thames. The next piece, Finale from Symphony No. 1, was by a famous German composer, named Beethoven. It was based on scales, and was very interesting. The "Ballet of the Sylphs" by Hector Berlioz was about some fireflies who tried to hypnotize a man called Faust.

Lastly we heard the "Firebird Suite" by a Russian composer, Stravinsky. At first the music was very soft. When the Prince was breaking the spell it became very loud.

Mr. Feldbrill conducted the orchestra very well, and I think that the musicians are very talented. I enjoyed the afternoon very much.

SOME MEMBERS OF GRADE VI

Journey Through The Forest

Anna was very glum. She loved being a nurse in Grand Falls, but she had never done anything really important. Grand Falls was a lovely little town with narrow streets lined with big oak trees. The trees arched over the road making a green roofed tunnel. The houses were very neat and tidy, and almost every house had a lush, green lawn.

Anna was working in her office when a note came, saying, "Wanted desperately at Heart Forth Cottage," and signed, "D. Heedford." She had heard gossip about Mr. Heedford from some of the ladies in the town. Evidently he was gruff and unsociable. He came into town every two weeks, with his daughter Aileen, to get supplies. Anna thought life was becoming more interesting. She did not tell anyone where she was going, but got her bicycle and started riding towards the forest.

After riding a short distance, she looked up at the sky and noticed it was beginning to get cloudy. First there was just a little cloud, but then it began to spread out like a bolt of material till it covered the sky. Icy rain began to fall, and Thor's hammer echoed through the forest.

Anna crept into a trunk of a decayed tree. After sitting there for a little while, she began to think that for once she was really needed, and that she might be able to do something important. She left her bicycle in the tree because the wind was too strong for her to keep her balance, and she guessed that this would be no small rain.

The rain began to slash across her face like a thousand silver swords. The trees bent their great boughs, trying to sweep her off the pathway like a piece of dirt. Looking up, Anna saw the lightening flash in weird, crooked shapes across the coal black sky.

She kept walking, undaunted by the fury around her. She remembered, that not far ahead she would find a stream. Instead of a stream, she found a furious river which was sweeping poor bedraggled animals away from their homes. Anna knew that to get to the cottage she must cross this river. She walked along its banks until she came to a huge trunk of a tree which had been pushed over by the wind's strong arms.

Anna crossed the log with very little difficulty, but when she came to the other side, she felt she was being watched. She looked all around, but could see nobody.

Suddenly something made her eyes turn to the tree tops. A pair of large, yellow, glassy eyes were gleaming at her hungrily. There was a mountain lion with wet, straggled fur around his lean body.

Anna was paralysed with fear. The animal crept bit by bit to the end of the branch. He arched his body ready to pounce. He drew back and came flying at Anna.

A shot rang out through the forest. There was a dead silence, and even the rain stopped pouring down. The clouds rolled away to let the golden sun shine down on the scene below. The wet leaves on the trees shone almost to the point of blinding one.

Down below the mountain lion was lying in a small pool of blood. Anna stood looking at him with wide, unblinking eyes. It had only landed a foot away from her. The crunching feet came through the forest. Mr. Heedford appeared with a smoking gun in his hand.

"All right?" he inquired. Anna nodded her head slowly.

"Ye-es," she answered, but rather shakily. He took her arm and started walking towards the cabin.

The cabin was very small and was painted white with blue shutters. It was like a house in a fairy story. Mr. Heedford explained that this was Aileen's dream house. Anna finally came to her senses and asked if Aileen was very sick. He said he thought she had pneumonia. They went into Aileen's dream house where Jip, the dog, was guarding her. She was very sick! Her face, framed by a mop of black hair, was deathly white. The little girl was in a restless form of sleep and breathed very deeply.

Mr. Heedford looked at Anna with an anxious face. Anna opened her bag and gave the girl a shot of penicillin.

The hours dragged by with no change. The sun finally went to bed and the silver moon shone on Aileen's pale face. Then she began to stir! She looked around the room till her gaze fell on her father's face.

Aileen grew stronger every day. Her cheeks became rosy from the fresh country air. After a week at the cottage, Anna told them that she must get back to the hospital. They promised they would visit her when they came into Grand Falls.

Anna set off into the forest. How different it was from the last journey. Birds were singing, trees gently swaying, and the sun was shining brightly.



Some of Grade VII

The Seventh Republic

President	S. Kippen
Vice-President	P. Sparrow
CABINET	
Minister of Information	C. Campbell
Deputy Minister of Information	J. Ferguson
Minister of Weekend Farming	D. Dickson
Minister of Communications	P. Smith
Minister of Residential Affairs	C. Ryan
Deputy Minister of Residential Affairs	D. Smith
Member for St. James	J. Cox
Member for Fort Garry	P. Williams
Ambassador to Germany	C. Krueger
Ambassador to France	L. Arnett

PHYSICAL FITNESS COUNCIL

Chairman of Committee on Riding	P. Powell
Co-Chairmen of Committee on Skating	M. Morrison and D. Stack
Chairman of Olympics Committee	B. Fenton
Co-Chairmen of Committee on Skiing	C. Armytage and B. Brodie

ARTS COUNCIL

Chairman of Music Committee	E. Wiley
Chairman of Ballet Committee	V. Swan
Co-Chairmen of Art Committee	C. Garry and C. Hunt
Chairman of Child Welfare Council	G. Alexander
Director of Public Libraries	M. Greatrex

CLASS NOTES

Unlikely Eights

"CAN YOU IMAGINE?"

Elspeth missing Dr. Kildare
Barbara saying, "I'm full!"
Jean saying, "I flunked!"
Susan Majury keeping a straight face
Denise always at games
Pat with untidy hair
Claudia always at gym
Linda ignoring time
Virginia being noisy
Deirdre ready for class
Cathy Pennock a giant
Carol Wiebe awake
Kathy Alexander never laughing
Jane as good as gold
Judy early to sleep
Carol Emerson deserting Mike Junior
Cathy Hamilton not studying
Joan with straight hair
Leslie satisfied with her hair
Lesley with an English accent
Bonnie being old-fashioned
Susan Fahlgren not writing letters
Vicki a "party pooper"
Judith on a diet
Lynne wearing her belt around her waist

Wine and Dine with Grade Nine

The Grade Nines are preparing a dinner for the Baron of Dorchester, to be held at the Trimble Manor. The famous pianist Patricia Johnston has been invited to entertain.

"Eva has handed her hand-printed copy of Teddie's recipe to Bunny and Susan, master chefs, and Judy Clough has offered to bring the "spirits," said Kathy as she handed a carton of "Sprite" to Alixe and Judy, assistant chefs.

"I told her Vivian was bringing the brandy," commented Rosemary, giving Nancy a bite of her banana.

Darryl has sent us some Florida oranges and Dorothy some spice from Pakistan. Elaine is cooking the pork, Marilyn the lambchops and Gail has promised to make some horseradish. Frances and Jane are trying to make soup. Who has ever heard of stirring Scotch broth with a shillelagh?

Mary and Trish are decorating a cake with Susan Gille's American nuts. Margie is bringing some candles and Deanna has brought a blushing pink rose. Diana is preparing the French pastry and Ditte is cutting some cheese. To end this domestic scene, Nancy is arranging the silver. The Baron should be happy.

THE RESIDENCE

Aikins Familiar Quotations

"This Castle Hath a Pleasant Seat"
 "How do we love thee? Let us count the ways." Jean
 "Some cupid kills with arrows, some with traps." Lorraine
 "To throw perfume on the violet." Nancy
 "Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve." Dora
 "I'll tickle your catastrophe." Carol
 "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" —Ingrid
 "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Evadne
 "I bear a charmed life." Rosemary
 "God save the mark!" Linda
 "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." Marged
 "I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Dey

Junior Residence Notes

WANTED - Dead or Alive!

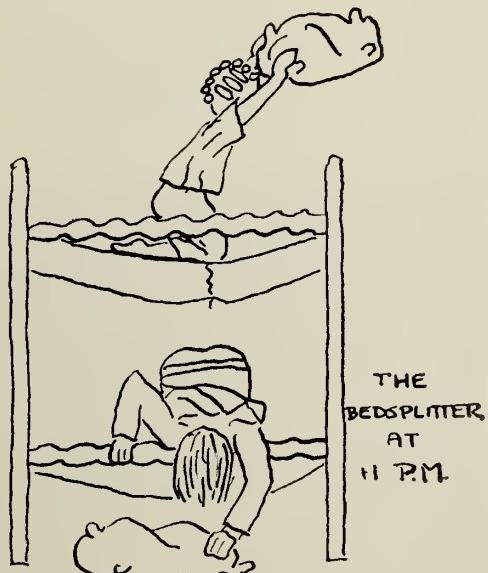
TEDDIE NANCE—for robbing the soul of Shakespeare
 EVA NEWMAN — for stealing Danny Thomas' nose
 DITTE LANSKY — for stealing Edith Cavell's mountain
 SUSAN GILLE—for the theft of Castro's beard
 VIVIAN BRANDY — for robbing Max Factor
 DEIRDRE MALONE—for hijacking planes to Toronto
 JUDY CLOUGH and JUDY GILL — for breaking the sound barrier
 SUSAN FAHLGREN — for stealing the Geisha?
 LESLIE STOVEL — for her disappearing act
 BONNIE SCOTT—for stealing Seventeen shoes
 ELSPETH DEMPSTER — for leaving Haley Mills in the cold
 CAROL EMERSON—for rustling a black stallion
 CYNTHIA RYAN and DAWN SMITH —for breach of the peace
 MARY-LOU SWANSON — for killing Emily Post
 CHRISTIANE KRUEGER—for her skill in Latin

MILO SPOONER and DONNA BRUNDAGE—for purloining Winnipeg's entire supply of bubble gum

REWARD

Dalton House Residents Re-Named

Elizabeth Arneson	THE ACCORDION
Joan Barker	THE LETTER
Janice Cain	THE ABLE
Mary Carscallen	THE STOMACH
Suzanne Clarke	THE BLACK CANDY
Elizabeth Clough	THE SCRUPULOUS BEAR
Vera Dubiskey	The CHARGE ACC'T.
Marny Gwyn	THE BONE
Maureen Heywood	THE TELEPHONE
Jane McDiarmid	THE ANKLEBONE
Jane Moody	THE SNORER
Diane Morton	THE PUDDLE
Madeleine Murray	THE TREE-CRASHER
Sheryl Noonan	THE KING
Joanne Pybus	THE BOWLER
Susan Riley	THE FRECKLE
Lorna Ruttan	THE FOOT
Carol Schmied	THE LIGHTBULB
Elizabeth Scott	THE BUSY SIGNAL
Ruth Thomas	THE LISP
Sandy Willis	THE MIRROR
Jennifer Wimbush	THE PIGMY



THE BEDSPLITTER
AT
11 P.M.



FOURTH ROW—S. Noonan, E. Scott, K. Kilgour, J. Moody, J. Hamilton, D. Dempster (Head of House), L. Leach (School Captain), L. Colville, L. Allison, J. Sutherland (Head Girl), A. Riddell, B. Murray, T. Nance.
 THIRD ROW—R. Condo, L. Catley, P. Roberts, Kathryn Alexander, J. Sellers, C. Schmied, M. Thomas, J. Barker, D. Jackson, S. Kippen, J. Cox, K. Neilson, M. Wiley, E. Columbia.
 SECOND ROW—J. Rattray, M. Berry, S. Bracken, S. Gille, R. Thomas, B. Taylor, E. Dempster, J. Ferguson, S. Puttock, E. Wiley, M. Morrison, D. Casey, C. Spear.
 FRONT ROW—E. Paterson, C. Templeton, V. Spear, D. Leadley, S. Saunders, D. Ferguson, E. Catley, C. Powell, S. Wardill, C. Wardill.
 ABSENT—D. Baron, G. Tucker.

BALLATER HOUSE

Dear Ballater,

I hope you have all enjoyed this year and that, as a reward for your work, Ballater will retain first place to the end of the year. If this cannot be so, do not be disappointed, for you have tried very hard and that is what counts most.

Looking back at letters written by other Ballater House Heads, I find that what they have said is similar to what I have to say. Ballater has always meant a great deal to me, and this year, as your House Head, it has meant even more. One of Ballater's greatest assets is her House spirit and I have been proud to lead such a loyal group of girls.

We set the pace with a great burst of enthusiasm on Sports' Day. As a result, of your efforts we were victorious. I know you enjoyed volleyball and even though there was less enthusiasm for basketball, both Junior and Senior teams attained second position. I would like to commend all those who managed to get themselves to early morning practices. I realize what an effort it was — I had to be there too! Although we like broomball, it does not seem to be our sport. Perhaps we will win next year. Your attendance at games has been good, and brought us points even when we failed

to win the games. Our last efforts must be put on swimming and baseball, and I know you will make a real Ballater effort.

I would like to thank all those who entered the various competitions, including Photography, Library Quiz and Literary competitions, and to congratulate those who won. Another field in which you worked and played hard was the Red Feather Fiesta and I would especially like to thank those who volunteered their help with the pennants. Although we had a few bad weeks, your conduct has been generally good, and with extra effort in the last term, we may save the few points we shall need to make the difference between first and second place.

The Junior school members too, have been wonderfully enthusiastic. I always enjoyed our meetings and am sorry we could not have more. Thank you for all your efforts.

In closing, I would like to thank Mrs. McDiarmid for her understanding help, and all of you for your loyal and hard working support, for your contributions, however small, during this year.

Love,

DORA DEMPSTER,
Head of Ballater.

BRAEMAR HOUSE

Dear Braemar,

This has certainly been one of the most rewarding years of my life. At first the thought of filling the position as House Head was frightening, but I soon found that you are a wonderful group of girls with whom to work. Although we have had a few valleys to o'erleap and some mountains to climb, we have had a successful journey.

Elsie Shandro compared our House to a community last year, saying that to succeed, everyone must work and continue to pull together towards one goal. I feel that this year we have shown this spirit of co-operation.

As a result, we are at present running a close race with Ballater for the Sir James Aikins' Trophy. I only hope that by June we will have succeeded in our efforts and will be able to keep this trophy. I know that we can do it!

To my Juniors, I extend sincere thanks for your victory on Junior Sports Day, for your tidy uniforms, for your entries in the Literary Competition and for your ready smiles and hellos. May you always have such a strong spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty for Braemar.

To my Seniors from Grade Seven to Twelve, I express my thanks for your efforts on Sports Day, for your entries to the Photography Contest, and to the History

and Literary Competitions. For my Grade Sevens, Eights, and Nines—keep that baseball trophy!

As I look back over the year, I recall many happy experiences that I have shared with you. I know that next year you will continue to support your House Head as strongly as you have supported me, and will make her year as memorable as mine has been.

Love,

MAUREEN,
Head of Braemar.

A Sudden Storm

The wind moaned across the dreary plain,
The bushes rustled in the pouring rain,
The tiny ditches ran round and round,
And muddy water ran over the ground;
The rain rushed down the ruts in the path
As all the heavens gave vent to their wrath.
Suddenly, lightning lit up the sky,
And the slight rumble following seemed like
a sigh,
For after that noise, the world was still,
And rain no longer beat on the sill;
The clouds all fled from the breeze, on the
run,
And the wet grass glistened in the light of
the sun.

PATRICIA JOHNSTON—Grade IX

THIRD ROW—J. Dowler, B. Scott, R. Kipp, M. Trueman, E. Clough, I. Huebert, S. Riley (Sports Captain), M. Murray, N. Russell, M. Brooks (Head of House), J. Wimbush, A. Mason, L. McGilvray, L. Folliott, E. Gaskell, S. Guest, J. Pybus, M. Heywood, E. Webster.

SECOND ROW—D. Smith, J. Harrison, N. Atchinson, C. Trimble, J. Clough, V. Brandy, M. Greatrex, J. Stephenson, P. Sparrow, D. Roulston, V. Griffiths, N. Sym, P. Johnston, J. Gilchrist, V. Slayton, C. Campbell.

FRONT ROW—D. Bloomer, P. Reeve, C. Richardson, C. Clough, A. Greatrex, D. Griffiths, L. Murray, H. L. MacDonald, D. Rogers, P. Powell, C. Crowe, C. Roulston, D. Dickson, P. Smith, N. Culver.

ABSENT—D. Moore, B. Reeve, C. Powell.





IN THE TREE—M. Pennock, M. Everett, C. Garry, B. Brodie, C. Armytage.
 FOURTH ROW—R. Hanna, D. Taylor, E. Arneson, J. Cain, J. Quinn (Head of House), J. Alexander, V. Dubiskev, M. Carscallen, N. Smith, C. Swindell, S. Stephens.
 THIRD ROW—J. Shelmerdine, S. Fahlgren, P. Pennock, D. Kilgour, P. McGill, C. Graffin, D. Nightingale, R. Stewart, M. Bain, P. Kayser, C. Gourley, J. Brodie, L. Trimble, D. Harrison, F. Tanner.
 SECOND ROW—M. Bruce, C. Krueger, J. Riley, C. Emerson, J. Gardner, D. Malone, E. Kidd, M. L. Swanson, B. Palk, B. Blick, C. Pennock.
 FRONT ROW—P. Richardson, J. Evans, C. Vincent, D. Blick, D. Sumida, H. Hay, C. Thomas, D. Riley.
 ABSENT—G. Alexander, K. Alexander.

CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

Dear Craig Gowan,

As this year approaches its end, I should like to thank all of you for making it an "extra special" year for me by electing me as your House Head.

Although we did not place first on Sports Day, I was proud of your efforts. Not everyone can win. You tried your best, and that is all that can be asked.

By our seniors' and juniors' both placing first in the Library Quiz, you showed that you could not be easily discouraged. Effort by everyone was followed by the reward of winning.

Congratulations, Seniors, for placing second in basketball, and Juniors, congratulations for coming first.

Although I cannot thank you all by name

in this letter, I should like to give a special and sincere "thank you" to our Sports Captain, Janice, who has always been on hand to help.

I know, Craig Gowan, that this year your House spirit and enthusiasm have been a great help to me. I hope you will carry them with you next year and support your new House Head. Which of you will be Head of Craig Gowan? To her I pass on the spark of your enthusiasm.

Thank you again, girls, for a truly wonderful year. Keep up your good work.

Love to all of you,

JUDY QUINN,
Head of Craig Gowan.

Dear Glen Gairn,

Being chosen to lead Glen Gairn after being a member for eight years has been a great challenge for me, and during this time I have learned to appreciate the special contributions which each of you has made to our House.

At the beginning of the year you also chose Maryel Andison, as your Sports Captain, Evadne Ward, as Secretary, and Cheryl Wheeler, as Uniform Monitress. I know you will all agree that these girls have served our House well, and I thank them on your behalf.

I wish to thank all the girls who helped in achieving success in the Red Feather Fiesta, and to congratulate those who strongly supported the House in the Library Quiz and Literary Competition.

Our four Sports' Day champions, Marsha Dangerfield, Judy Gill, Betty-Jean Fenton, and Anne Gardner well deserve our praise. Don't you agree that champions look best in RED bands? As the sports year went on, we proved our strength in placing second in volleyball, and our energy in winning the broomball tournament.

Our energetic, enthusiastic juniors must not be forgotten, and we are proud to have so many Junior Leaders in Glen Gairn.

Glen Gairns, I hope you have enjoyed

being a part of your House this year. I feel sure that next years' House Head will be strengthened by the support of her "seniors-to-be." Good luck to her! I feel that if we have not won the Aikins' trophy this year, we have a strong chance in the near future.

With love,

CAROL ALBERTSEN,
Head of Glen Gairn.

Winter

In the middle of winter time
When all the land is white;
The sun shines through the misty sky
To make the dull day bright.
The chimney with its playful smoke
Which cuts the bitter air,
Becomes frosted by the cold white frost
Which sparkles everywhere.
Children skating on the ice
And sliding down the hill
Are covered with clothes from head to toe,
For fear of catching chill.
The chalk-white snow flies through the air
To hide each hill and bay;
It softly paints a lovely scene,
Of a typical winter day.

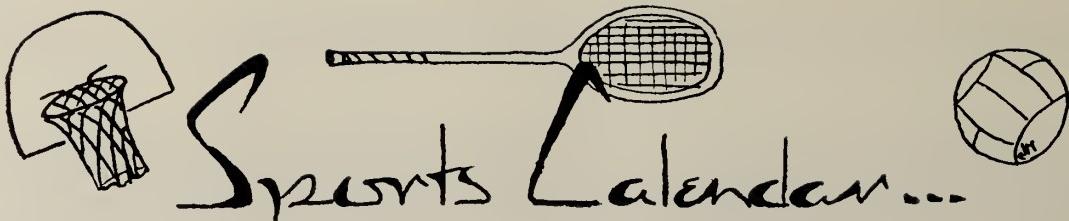
DEANNA SILVESTER—Grade IX

GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—J. Gill, L. Morris, D. France, E. Brereton, M. Dangerfield, J. McDiarmid, C. Wheeler, Maryel Andison, D. Morton, I. Hundevad, L. Ruttan, C. Albertsen (Head of House), E. Ward, M. Gwyn, S. Willis, S. Hutchings, S. Clarke, P. McDonald, J. Bleeks, M. Hamilton, M. Dickson.
THIRD ROW—E. Newman, C. Hamilton, V. Swan, B. Fenton, N. MacCharles, S. Majury, C. Wiebe, D. Lansky, A. Hunt, D. Silvester, Margaret Andison, D. Stack, C. Ryan.
SECOND ROW—L. Bullock, P. Williams, C. Hunt, L. Arnett, J. McKeag, G. Matthews, H. Strawbridge, D. Majury, J. Briggs, S. Osler, A. Gardner.
FRONT ROW—C. Lederman, R. Gemmel, B. Knight, E. Haworth, D. J. Brundage.
ABSENT—J. Kent, S. Harris.





Sports Calendar...

SEPTEMBER 10

We began the year by distributing our new athletic ability as evenly as possible amongst the four houses. This was done by giving motor-ability tests to the new girls.

The new Games Captains who were to be invaluable to me throughout the year were appointed. They were Joan Barker, Madeleine Murray, Janice Cain, and Maryel Andison.

SEPTEMBER 11 - OCTOBER 4

Practice, preparation, and running of heats for Sports' Day.

OCTOBER 4

Beneath a warm sun, many parents sitting on the sidelines awaited the beginning of our Senior Sports' Day. From the first hurdle jumped to the last slow bicycle to touch the tape, the day was filled with fun and enthusiasm. Thanks to Tanny, the novelty races were really novel, and the other events a true challenge.

OCTOBER 9 - DECEMBER 20

Of the indoor sports, volleyball was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. The Juniors were willing to learn and fun to teach, and next year I hope every serve goes over the net! With Tanny's coaching, the school team improved and enjoyed many games with St. Mary's Academy. Each house played the others twice in the House matches, with Glen Gairn and Braemar emerging as winners in a tie. The final play-off awarded Glen Gairn the Senior Volleyball Championship.

JANUARY 9 - APRIL 3

Once the School's leading sport, basketball has suffered from a lack of able players in the last few years. This season, however, I think the game gained many supporters who will return next year. The Juniors, hesitant at first, learned much, although of course they still need practice to master the game. Senior House matches showed great improvement as the season progressed. Braemar won the series, while Craig Gowan topped the Junior Tournament.

MARCH 8

The Alumnae accepted our challenge and appeared in full force, prepared to win. We daunted their spirit a little by winning both titles for the School, although we had to work hard for the basketball victory by 19 points to 23.

MARCH

Our broomball week was immensely successful and for each game spectators lined the rink with cameras and shouts of delight. In the final, Glen Gairn beat Braemar by a 6-5 victory.

APRIL 17 - JUNE 12

The warm weather in April brings with it hope for basketball and swimming. The badminton matches will be completed this term.

Sometimes the trudge up to the gymnasium was long, sometimes the net impossible to fasten, but the laughter during the game soon showed me that I enjoyed my job. In closing, I give three cheers to Tanny Armytage, to the House Heads, and to the Games Captains for their willing help this year.

SUSAN RILEY—Sports Captain





SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW—M. Brooks, E. Gaskell, E. Clough, M. Jackson, S. Willis.
FRONT ROW—D. Dempster, J. Cain, S. Riley, J. Barker, M. Thomas.

SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BACK ROW—M. Dangerfield, M. Brooks, J. Hamilton, R. Kipp, M. Trueman, S. Willis,
E. Ward.
FRONT ROW—D. Morton, M. Thomas, S. Riley, D. Dempster, M. Andison.





SPORTS DAY WINNERS

Judith Gill, Betty Jean Fenton, Anne Gardner,
Marsha Dangerfield.

Medor

J'ai un petit chien qui s'appelle Médor. C'est un chien brun avec quatre petites pattes blanches. Il est très gentil, et tout le monde aime beaucoup mon chien.

Un jour nous faisons une visite chez nos amis à la campagne. Médor nous accompagne. Quand nous arrivons chez nos amis, Médor saute de l'automobile. Il est très content parce qu'il aime beaucoup la campagne. Il aime chasser les lapins, et courir dans les bois. Nos amis, Monsieur et Madame Mercier, nous saluent à la porte de la maison.

Tout à coup Médor sent l'odeur de la terre. Il aboie, et il court vers le bois. Je me demande qu'est-ce qui arrive.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?" dis-je. Médor continue à aboyer. Je suis mon chien, Médor. Il me conduit dans les bois. Après une longue promenade, Médor s'arrête devant un grand arbre. Je regarde par terre. C'est une petite fille qui se couche sur l'herbe. Elle pleure parce qu'elle a une jambe cassée. Elle ne peut pas marcher, et elle a peur.

"Bonjour," je dis. "Qu'est-ce que vous avez?"

"J'ai une jambe cassée, et je ne peux pas marcher. Personne ne sait que je suis ici. Je veux aller chez mes parents."

Je demande. "Où habites-tu?"

"J'habite la Ferme des Fleurs."

"Je vais t'aider chez toi," ai-je dit.

Je porte la fillette à sa maison. Médor nous suit. Enfin nous arrivons à la maison de la fillette, Suzanne. Sa mère est heureuse parce que sa fille retourne chez ses parents.

Elle me dit, "Merci bien pour avoir aidé ma fille."

Elle jette un os à Médor pour son bon travail.

SUSAN MAJURY—Grade VIII

Un Homme Mysterieux

Aujourd'hui il fait beau. Paul fait une promenade en ville quand il rencontre un homme par accident. C'est un homme mystérieux. Pendant que Paul regarde par la vitrine du magasin, cet homme le frappe à l'épaule et lui demande où est La Rue du Commerce. Paul la lui montre et il le quitte.

Aussitôt que Paul le quitte il remarque que cet homme a un visage cruel. Mais il remarque aussi qu'il est vêtu de beaucoup de vêtements chauds par ce jour chaud. Oui, cet homme est très mystérieux! Mais Paul l'oublie bientôt.

Après une semaine quand Paul fait des commissions pour sa mère, il voit encore cet homme. Il cause avec un autre homme. Puis il se retourne et va à pied vers le coiffeur et ferme la porte. Puisque Paul ne peut pas le voir il va chez le boucher et achète de la viande pour sa mère.

Quand Paul rentre, il voit une grande voiture noire qui s'arrête devant le salon du coiffeur. L'homme mystérieux monte dans la voiture et cause avec un autre homme. Puis ils commencent à rouler et disparaissent rapidement.

Un mois après Paul regarde le journal. Il voit une photographie de l'homme. Paul la regarde encore. Paul pense. C'est l'homme mystérieux qu'il a vu chez le coiffeur. Oui, c'est cet homme.

"Maman!" dit Paul. "Cet homme dans le journal est l'homme que j'ai vu chez le coiffeur! C'est un criminel et les agents ne peuvent pas le trouver. Ils le cherchent. Oh, maman, c'est l'homme!"

Le lendemain Paul regarde le journal encore une fois. Il voit que l'homme mystérieux a été trouvé. Paul dit à ses parents, "Je savais qu'il était mystérieux!"

JEAN RILEY—Grade VIII

ALUMNAE NEWS

The Editor always welcomes news of the Alumnae, and is happy to pass on information about the following members.

WITH DAUGHTERS IN THIS YEAR'S GRADUATING CLASS

Frances Foster	mother of Susan Harris
Frances Gilman	mother of Linda Leach
Marion McEachern	mother of Marion Gwyn
Sheila O'Grady	mother of Susan Riley
Nan Taylor	mother of Ann Mason

ABROAD

London, England — Margaret Gillespie, working in the American Embassy.
 Diana Elwood, working in a Ladies' Dress Shop in Bond Street.
 Nora Baker, spending a year of study and travel.
 Switzerland — Clare McCulloch, at Neuchâtel Junior College.

AT UNIVERSITIES OUTSIDE MANITOBA

Queen's — Julia Berry, Diane Bishop, Karen Jones, Betty Nichol.
 University of British Columbia — Marilyn Reid, Jacqueline Lye, Lynn Funnell.
 University of Alberta — Margaret Fisher, Lori McDougall, Susan Peers.
 Mount Allison — Josephine Kerr.
 University of Minnesota — Cydney Burrell.

ON ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE STUDENT COUNCIL

Wendy Bracken, Third Year Arts, Executive Secretary.
 Rosemary Allison, Third Year Arts.

MARRIED THIS YEAR

Rae Burrell, Roberta Genser, Elizabeth Kilgour, Geills Kilgour, Betty McRae, Dilys White.

SEND US YOUR NEWS!

The Past Looks At The Present

If you had left your school for ever wouldn't you like to know exactly what the students now are doing? That is how our Alumnae felt, and for this reason, some of the senior students attended the Annual Meeting of the Association to present a "Kaleidoscope of School Activities."

The Alumnae were pleased to hear from Miss Murrell-Wright's introductory words that Latin is now taught in Grade Seven, and that Algebra would start in Grade Six. They were interested when certain girls spoke on their trip to Stratford, and impressed when students who spend an hour each Monday night with Madame Grandpierre

from Paris, carried on a completely unprepared conversation in French!

Following these impromptu items, a gymnastic team performed routines on the mats and the new vaulting box presented by the Alumnae. To end the programme, Linda Leach, our Head Organist, played an organ solo, and then accompanied the Choir as they sang "O, Lord Most Merciful" and "Triumph, Thanksgiving."

The Alumnae then retired to the Drawing Room where they had coffee and discussed the interesting sidelights they had seen of today's Balmoral Hall.

MADELEINE MURRAY



OUR HEAD GIRL — JOANNE SUTHERLAND
OUR SCHOOL CAPTAIN — LINDA LEACH

VALEDICTORY

The big world around us is constantly changing, and we see new boundaries, new buildings, and newly-developed areas, to say nothing of the changes we hear about resulting from discovery and invention. Our world here at School, a world which we shall always remember, has had its changes too.

As I say farewell for this year's graduating class, I have chosen to look at the changes in our School since some of us entered the Kindergarten thirteen years ago.

Thinking of the changes in our buildings, my mind wanders back to Kindergarten days, when we had only the Junior School, the "White House," and the "Red House." In 1955, Alec's garage disappeared when the Senior School was built, and we watched the "Red House" and some of our favourite birch trees go down in 1960 to make room for "Dalton House." At this time, the "White House" became "Aikins House," and name plates appeared on all the buildings.

We who are graduating have been part of the campaign to build this School as it is today. Some of us remember being "waves" that lapped against the "Good Ship Balmoral" at the Smorgasbord in 1954, and the next year we formed a part of the Choir in the balcony at the Christmas Village.

Our efforts at the Christmas Village were the beginning of a happy, exciting, and extensive "career" in singing at Balmoral Hall, for throughout our school days we have sung at many events, and have moved from unison folk songs to our favourite song of all, the four-part arrangement of Schubert's "The Lord is My Shepherd." We who have been fortunate enough to have played the organ for Morning Prayers bequeath this opportunity reluctantly. If the chance is ever yours, grasp it.

During these thirteen years of our school days, some of us have been aware of the union of the best traditions of our two mother schools, Rupertsland and Riverbend, and we have all watched the evolution of Balmoral Hall, and have been part of it. We take with us memories of these momentous changes, and the everyday incidents which have moulded our characters, developed our talents, and broadened our experiences. Rich with our broadened experiences we say farewell, realizing that there will continue to be changes, but of one thing we are certain—that the friendships we have made at school will never change.

—LINDA LEACH

SPECIAL PRE-SCHOOL DATES FOR SEPTEMBER Grades X, XI, and XII

Since we are not opening school until the second week of September, we are asking senior girls to meet at the following times to discuss courses and get text books.

Thursday, September 5th

9 a.m. — Grade XII

10 a.m. — Grade XI

2 p.m. — Grade X

Monday, September 9th

10 a.m. — Head Girl, School Captain and Grade XII meet in the Library to plan the Opening.

7 p.m. — Boarders X, XI, XII — Text books and courses.

Graduates

Grade XII

CAROL ALBERTSEN—GLEN GAIRN, 1955-63

Carol's chief claim to fame was the wiring for the Valentine mobiles. After eight years as a boarder, she has unusual power in the residence. Everybody likes to talk to Carol, and we are sure she will make a very understanding nurse.

Activities: Prefect, Head of Glen Gairn, Chief Librarian, Choir.

JENNIFER ALEXANDER— CRAIG GOWAN, 1956-63

Jen, the quiet, blue-eyed member of Grade XII is known for her patience, as shown by her waiting for her Finnish skis. Next year Jen plans to attend United College in the Faculty of Arts.

Activities: School Choir, Library Committee.

DOROTHEA DEMPSTER— BALLATER, 1957-63

Dora is known to her friends as the "Silent One," though her quick wit and tinkling laugh are popular features of life in the Residence. Scotch by birth as well as by nature, her budget does not seem to include sneakers. Keep singing Dora.

Activities: Prefect, Head of Ballater, Choir, Magazine Executive, basketball, volleyball.

LYNN FOLLIOTT—BRAEMAR, 1951-63

Fair-haired Lynn comes from Charleswood, and can usually be found heading for the Lab if not already there. Next year, Lynn will be found in Physio-Therapy. All the best Lynn.

Activities: School Choir, Librarian.

ELEANOR GASKELL—BRAEMAR, 1958-63

Eleanor is Grade XII's only violinist, Grade XII's photographer, and Grade XII's joy. She hopes to be a landscape architect, but her quick wit indicates that she may a threat to Jack Benny.

Activities: Choir, Library Processing Committee Chairman, basketball, volleyball.

JEAN HAMILTON—BALLATER, 1960-63

Jean keeps us well informed on hockey victories, mail delivery, Hydro transfers, and life in Portage. Next year her news will cheer her friends at Western where she plans to enter the faculty of Science before Medicine.

Activities: Prefect, Library Committee, Head of School Choir, volleyball.





**ROSEMARY HANNA—
CRAIG GOWAN, 1962-63**

Rosemary is especially noted for her skill in developing photographs, and her interest in riding. She plans to take Architecture at the University of Manitoba.

Activities: Library Committee, Decorating Committee for Valentine Dance.

**INGRID HUNDEVAD—GLEN GAIRN,
1962-63**

This year Ingrid brought a breath of Pine Falls air to Grade XII, and next year she hopes to enter the Faculty of Arts at the U. of M.

Activities: Class President, Library Art Committee.

LINDA LEACH—BALLATER, 1949-63

After fourteen years at Balmoral Hall, Linda is in danger of being taken for a family retainer. Because of her abounding energy, she prevails upon her classmates to make the most of every moment. Linda has plans for Wellesley in 1964, but next year she goes to Villa Mercede in Florence. Arivederla, Linda.

Activities: School Captain, Prefect, Head Organist, Choir, Honorary Editor of "Optima Anni."

ANN MASON—BRAEMAR, 1959-63

Ann has master-minded the School photography for two years. Her favourite place is the Grade Twelve Sitting Room, where she brings much fun and laughter. Ann plans to enter Nursing and we wish her success.

Activities: Photography Editor of "Optima Anni," Choir, volleyball.

**LORRAINE MCGILLVRAY—
BRAEMAR, 1962-63**

Lorraine joined us for Grade XII, and is famous for being in and out and in the History class. Her friendliness will surely win her a place as an executive secretary. Good luck, Lorraine.

**JUDITH QUINN—CRAIG GOWAN,
1959-63**

Judy's friendly personality and her extinguishable smile bring much pleasure to all who know her. Her pretty hair styles, which never come out of place win her the admiration of everyone.

Activities: Prefect, Head of Craig Gowan, Choir, Magazine Executive.

NANCY RUSSELL—BRAEMAR, 1953-63

Nancy, Grade XII's biological "Aunt" is famous for her insects, but being adaptable, she has added some chemistry. Next year she plans to follow her biological interests and take Science at United College.

Activities: Library Executive, Choir.



JOANNE SUTHERLAND— BALLATER, 1950-63

Even the busy life of Head Girl has not prevented Joanne's pursuit of History. She even found time to represent Balmoral Hall at the "Model United Nations." Next year she plans to enter Arts or Commerce at the University. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

Activities: Head Girl, Prefect, Honorary Editor of "Optima Anni."

DEY TAYLOR—CRAIG GOWAN, 1962-63

Daisy, new in Grade XII, has a passion for brown-paper-bag mail addressed in phosphorescent orange. If Cornell agrees, some day we may notice a growing trend towards "daisy decor" in the more exclusive hotels in Canada.

Activities: School Choir.

MARGED THOMAS—BALLATER, 1956-58, 1961-63

Miggs, a friend to all, is renowned for her dexterity and original style in basketball, and will one day win wider acclaim for her invention of the "hopscotch dribble." Next year she enters the Faculty of Medicine at the U. of A. Happy days!

Activities: Prefect, volleyball, basketball, Editor of "Optima Anni," Choir.

EVADNE WARD—GLEN GAIRN, 1960-63

Evadne is our sewing machine's best friend. Despite her interest and ability in piano, recording, figure skating, and ballet, she has decided in favour of Nursing at the Florence Nightingale School. Keep up the good work Evadne.

Activities: Organist, Choir, Librarian, volleyball, House Secretary.

CHERYL WHEELER—GLEN GAIRN, 1961-63

Cheryl made her mark this year opening and closing the Grade XII windows, but despite these energetic efforts, she is always considering some kind of diet. Good Luck at the University, Cheryl.

Activities: Class Vice President, Choir.



GRADE XI

A GRADUATE?

"To be or not to be—that is the question."

Best wishes to all in the forthcoming examinations.

Farewell to those who are leaving—Hail to next year's leaders!

LORRAINE ALLISON—BALLATER,
1959-63

Activities: Magazine Executive, School
Choir.

MARYEL ANDISON—GLEN GAIRN,
1954-63

Activities: Choir, Special Gym, volley-
ball, Magazine Executive, House Games
Captain.

ELIZABETH ARNESON—
CRAIG GOWAN, 1959-63

Activities: Accordion playing.

JOAN BARKER—BALLATER, 1961-63

Activities: House Games Captain, Class
President, Library Committee, basketball,
volleyball.

MAUREEN BROOKS—BRAEMAR,
1960-63

Activities: Prefect, Head of Braemar,
Choir, Library Committee, volleyball, bas-
ketball.

JANICE CAIN—CRAIG GOWAN,
1961-63

Activities: House Games Captain, Lib-
rary Committee, basketball.

MARY CARSCALLEN—CRAIG
GOWAN, 1960-63

Activities: Finding another book.

ELIZABETH CLOUGH—
CRAIG GOWAN, 1955-63

Activities: Choir, Organist, Library
Committee, basketball.

LOUISE COLVILLE—BALLATER,
1953-63

Activities: Business Manager of "Op-
tima Anni."

VERA DUBISKEY—CRAIG GOWAN,
1960-63

Activities: House Games.

MARION GWYN—GLEN GAIRN,
1960-63

Activities: Choir, Library Committee.

SUSAN HARRIS—GLEN GAIRN,
1958-63

Activities: School Choir.

IRENE HUEBERT—BRAEMAR, 1957-63

Activities: Prefect, Choir, Library Com-
mittee, Model United Nations Representa-
tive.

DEBORAH JACKSON—BALLATER,
1959-63

Activities: Magazine Executive.

MARCIJA JACKSON—CRAIG GOWAN,
1962-63

Activities: Choir, volleyball, basketball.

JANE McDIARMID—GLEN GAIRN,
1961-63

Activities: Choir, Library Committee.

JANE MOODY—BALLATER, 1950-63

Activities: Prefect, Special Gym, Choir,
Library Committee.

DIANE MORTON—GLEN GAIRN,
1961-63

Activities: Head of Dalton House, vol-
leyball, Magazine Executive.

MADELEINE MURRAY—BRAEMAR,
1956-63

Activities: Organist, Magazine Execu-
tive, House Games Captain.

SUSAN RILEY—BRAEMAR, 1958-63

Activities: Prefect, Sports Captain, vol-
leyball, basketball, Magazine Executive,
Special Gym.

LORNA RUTTAN—GLEN GAIRN,
1962-63

Activities: School Choir.

CAROLYN SCHMIED—BALLATER,
1960-63

Activities: Library Committee.

JOAN SELLERS—BALLATER, 1959-63

Activities: Prefect, Advertising Manager
of "Optima Anni," Choir.

NANCY SMITH—CRAIG GOWAN,
1958-63

Activities: School Choir, Magazine Exe-
cutive, House Secretary.

SUSAN STEPHENS—CRAIG GOWAN,
1960-63

Activities: Dramatics in Carol Service.

CAROL SWINDELL—CRAIG GOWAN,
1960-63

Activities: Prefect, Library Committee,
Eaton's Junior Council.

MARTHA TRUEMAN—BRAEMAR,
1960-63

Activities: Library Committee.

ALEXANDRA WILLIS—GLEN GAIRN,
1962-63

Activities: Library Committee, Choir,
volleyball, basketball.

JENNIFER WIMBUSH—BRAEMAR,
1962-63

Activities: School Choir, Library Com-
mittee.

BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1962

- Sept. 5—Boarders arrive.
 Sept. 6—Opening Prayers.
 Head Girl and New Prefects receive cords.
 House Heads elected.
 School Meetings.
 Sept. 10—Class Presidents elected.
 Sept. 11—First complete House meetings.
 Sept. 14—Summer Reading Tests.
 Boarders' French Conversation group meets Mme Grandpierre.
 Sept. 19—Mothers' Auxiliary Opening Meeting.
 Sept. 20—Magazine Executive announced.
 Sept. 28—"Stratford Festival" Evening.
 Oct. 2—Boarders attend "Mikado."
 Oct. 3—Junior Sports Day.
 Oct. 4—Senior Sports Day.
 Grades IV-VI attend Children's Symphony Concert.
 Oct. 5—Thanksgiving Service.
 Oct. 5-8—Thanksgiving Weekend.
 Oct. 12—Boarders attend performance of Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
 Oct. 13—Boarders attend Obernkirchen Choir Concert.
 Oct. 24—United Nations Day Service, and raising of United Nations Flag.
 Oct. 29—Beginning of Initiation Week.
 Oct. 30—Alumnae Association Annual Meeting.
 Oct. 31—Junior Hallowe'en Party.
 Nov. 1—Grade XII attend Commemoration Service at St. John's Cathedral.
 Nov. 2—Red Feather Fiesta.
 Nov. 9—Remembrance Day Service.
 Nov. 9-11—Boarders' weekend.
 Nov. 19—Junior School Leaders announced.
 Opening of Library Quiz.
 Nov. 20—Grades VII-IX attend Symphony Concert.
 Nov. 21—Volleyball vs St. Mary's Academy.
 Nov. 28—Volleyball vs. St. Mary's Academy.
 Dec. 5-7—Collection of toys, canned food, and clothes for Missions.
 Dec. 7—Fashion Show at Hudson's Bay Co.
 New Prefects receive cords.
 Dec. 10—Christmas examinations begin.
 Dec. 19—Junior Carol Service.
 Boarders' Christmas Party.
 Dec. 20—Senior Carol Service.
 School closes for Christmas vacation.

SUMMER TERM, 1963

- Apr. 16—Boarders return.
 Apr. 17—School re-opens.
 Apr. 20—Entrance Examinations held for new students.
 Apr. 26-27—Joanne Sutherland and Irene Huebert represent Balmoral Hall at "Model United Nations."
 Apr. 29—Grade VI presents a "World's Fair."
 May 17-20—Victoria Day Weekend.
 May 22—Mothers' Auxiliary Annual Meeting.
 May 24—Graduation Dance.
 May 28—Fashion Show and Recital.
 Presentation of Family Allowance Cheques.
 May 31—Grade VI and VII French Play.
 June 9—Closing Evensong at 4 p.m.
 June 13—Closing Exercises at Westminster Church followed by Garden Party.

FALL TERM OPENING

- Sept. 9—Boarders arrive by 6 p.m.
 Sept. 10—School opens at 9 a.m.

EASTER TERM, 1963

- Jan. 8—Boarders return.
 Jan. 9—School re-opens.
 Jan. 17—Grade XII visit Blood Donors Clinic.
 Jan. 21—Opening of Literary Competition.
 Jan. 30—Grade XI-XII boarders act as Marching Mothers for March of Dimes.
 Feb. 8—Grade X Spring Dance.
 Boarders' kitchen shower.
 Feb. 15—Grade XI and XII Valentine Dance.
 Feb. 15-18—Boarders' weekend.
 Feb. 21—Mother's Auxiliary Spring Meeting.
 Feb. 27—Basketball vs. St. Mary's Academy.
 Feb. 28—Rev. D. J. Keating conducts Ash Wednesday Service.
 Boarders attend "Boy David."
 Mar. 5—Basketball vs. St. Mary's Academy.
 Mar. 8—Canon J. N. Dodge conducts Morning Prayers.
 Alumnae Dinner for Graduating Class.
 Alumnae Games Night.
 Mar. 27—Easter examinations begin.
 Apr. 3—School closes for Easter vacation.



GRADUATES OF 1962¹



THE SCHOOL DIRECTORY

ALBERTSEN, CAROL Homewood, Man.	SH 5-3406	BERRY, MARGARET 310 Dromore Ave. (9)	GR 5-6796
ALEXANDER, JENNIFER, KATHERINE, AND GILLIAN 85 Yale Ave. (9)	GL 3-5411	BISSET, LESLIE 752 McDermot Ave. (3)	SP 4-7586
ALEXANDER, KATHRYN 150 Oak St. (9)	GR 5-0667	BLEEKS, JACQUELINE 208 Victoria Crescent (8)	AL 6-0436
ALLISON, LORRAINE 73 Kingsway Ave. (9)	GR 5-1078	BLICK, BARBARA AND DIANE 61 Harvard Ave. (9)	GR 5-1200
ANDISON, MARYEL AND MARGARET 74 Roslyn Crescent (13)	GL 2-6753	BLOOMER, DEBORA 2554 Assiniboine Crescent (12)	VE 2-2905
ARMYTAGE, CAROL 14 Ruskin Row (9)	GR 5-6405	BRACKEN, SUSAN 234 Oxford St. (9)	GL 3-1164
ARNESON, ELIZABETH Box 231, Lac du Bonnet, Man.	423	BRANDY, VIVIAN Fort Churchill, Man.	334
ARNETT, LINDA GAIL 120 Waterloo St. (9)	GR 5-6670	BRERETON, ELIZABETH 465 Montrose St. (9)	GL 2-9647
ASHDOWN, BARBARA AND JOAN 860 Wellington Crescent (9)	GL 3-0617	BRIGGS, JANE 118 Westgate (1)	783-1616
ATCHISON, NANCY 633 Niagara St. (9)	HU 9-4260	BRODIE, JOANNE AND BARBARA 186 Westgate (1)	SP 2-3720
BAIN, MARLENE 1188 Kildonan Drive, North Kildonan (16)	Man. ED 9-3202	BROOKS, MAUREEN 91 Waterloo St. (9)	HU 9-1712
BARKER, JOAN Birtle, Man.	56—3	BROWN, HEATHER 320 Moray St. (12)	VE 2-4097
BARON, DONNA MAY Ste. 4, 742 Dorchester (9)	GR 4-1186	BRUCE, MARY 241 Yale Ave. (9)	GL 2-8338
		BRUNDAGE, DONNA JEAN 114 Daniels Ave., Rutherford, N.J., U.S.A.	WE 3-0520

BULLOCK, LINDA 933 McMillan Ave. (9)	GL 2-7195
CAIN, JANICE Lynn Lake, Man.	FL 6-2530
CAMPBELL, CATHERINE 108 Grenfell Boulevard (29)	HU 9-5533
CARSCALLEN, MARY 205 Dromore Ave. (9)	GR 5-4718
CARTER, HARRIET AND HILARY 58 Riverside Drive, Fort Garry (19), Man.	GL 3-3334
CASEY, DEBORAH 700 Wellington Crescent (9)	GR 5-4664
CATLEY, LYNNE AND ELIZABETH 830 Campbell St. (9)	HU 9-8691
CHANT, RICHARD 2 Sandra Bay (9)	GR 4-1279
CHEGWIN, JOYCE 1028 Aberdeen Ave. (14)	JU 6-5615
CLARKE, CATHERINE 29 Agate Bay, St. Boniface (6), Man.	AL 3-0576
CLARKE, SUZANNE 1011 Sherritt Ave., Lynn Lake, Man.	FL 6-2255
CLAYTON, ELIZABETH ANN 919 Palmerston Ave. (10)	SP 2-4633
CLOUGH, ELIZABETH, JUDITH AND CATHERINE 65 Brock St., Peterborough, Ont.	
COLLIE, JEREMY 177 Ash Street (9)	475-8232
COLVILLE, LOUISE 463 Niagara St. (9)	HU 9-5185
CONDO, ROSEMARY 874 Wellington Crescent (9)	GR 5-6628
COX, JENNIFER 357 Overdale St. (12)	837-4461
COX, SHAWN 667 Garfield St. (10)	SP 2-5036
CROWE, CAROLINE 10 Pheasant St. (19)	GL 3-5090
CULVER, NANCY 124 Middlegate (1)	SP 5-6810
DANGERFIELD, MARSHA 74 St. Mary's Rd., Norwood, Man.	GL 2-2537
DANIELS, SUSAN 408 Laidlaw Blvd. (29)	HU 9-7890
DAVIES, HEATHER 6 Frontenac Bay, St. Boniface (6), Man.	AL 6-0167
DEMPSTER, DOROTHEA AND ELSPETH 222 Poplar Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask.	242-0109
DICKSON, DEBORAH 1034 Wellington Crescent (9) ..	GL 3-6911
DICKSON, MARY 202 Harvard Ave. (9)	452-5858
DOWLER, JUDITH 277 Harvard Ave. (9)	GR 5-1250
DUBISKEY, VERA Box 626, Canora, Sask.	563-5201
EDWARD, LOUISE 103 Ruttan Bay (19)	GL 3-3195
EGERTON, FRANCES Ste. 18, Hekla Apts., Toronto St. (10)	SP 2-0501
EMERSON, CAROL c/o 243 Hartford Ave., West Kildonan (17), Man.	ED 9-8213
EVANS, JANE 208 Dromore Ave. (9)	GL 2-2173
EVERETT, MARGOT 280 Roslyn Road (13)	GL 2-9379
FAHLGREN, SUSAN Cochenour, Ont.	3261
FENTON, BETTY JEAN 193 Lindsay St. (9)	HU 9-2200
FERGUSON, JANE AND DEBORAH 221 Waverley St. (9)	GR 5-5623
FLINTOFT, JAMES 72 Kingsway (9)	GR 5-4881
FOLLIOTT, LYNN 11 Oakdale Drive, Charleswood (20), Man.	VE 2-5043
FRANCE, DOROTHY 130 Waterloo St. (9)	GL 3-0137
GARDNER, ANNE 175 Oxford St. (9)	GR 5-5227
GARDNER, JUDITH 805 Lanark Bay (9)	HU 9-8356
GARRY, CAROL LYNNE 47 Cornish Ave. (1)	SP 5-7347
GASKELL, ELEANOR 826 Campbell St. (9)	HU 9-7455
GEMMELL, JANET 141 Montrose St. (9)	GR 5-5289
GEMMEL, RUTH 459 Moray St. (12)	VE 2-0619
GILCHRIST, JANE 109 Girton Blvd. (29)	HU 9-2511
GILL, JUDITH Barwick Ont.	53
GILLE, SUSAN Ste. "P" Grosvenor House 811 Grosvenor Ave. (9)	453-3207
GODBOLD, MAXINE 805 Jessie Ave. (9)	284-0680
GOLUMBIA, ELAINE 554 Oak St. (9)	474-1722
GOURLEY, CATHERINE 72 Cordova St. (9)	HU 9-5096
GRAFFIN, CLAUDIA 33 Bronstone Blvd. (8)	CH 7-7874

GREATREX, MARTHA AND ALISON	KILGOUR, DIANA
260 Montrose St. (9)	93 Middlegate (1)
GRIFFITHS, VICKI AND DEBRA	KILGOUR, KATHARINE
1241 Wellington Crescent (9)	275 Harvard Ave. (9)
GUEST, SUSAN	KIPP, ROBERTA
343 Yale Ave. (9)	8 Fulham Crescent (9)
GUY, MONICA	KIPPEN, STACEY
135 Eastgate (1)	269 Oxford St. (9)
GWYN, MARION	KNIGHT, BEVERLY
110—4th St. N., Kenora, Ont	38 Roslyn Crescent (13)
HAMILTON, JEAN	KRUEGER, CHRISTIANE
204 Dufferin Ave. W., Portage la Prairie, Man.	Box 640, Steinbach, Man.
HAMILTON, MARY AND CATHERINE	LAMBERD, ALLISON
1481 Wellington Cress. (9)	119 Olive St. (12)
HANNA, ROSEMARY	LANSKY, DITTE
641 Kirkwood Ave., Ottawa, Ont. PA 2-9887	Box 520, Carman, Man.
HARRIS, SUSAN	LAWLER, SUSAN
291 Cordova St. (9)	2433 Assiniboine Crescent (12)
HARRISON, DAWN	LEACH, LINDA
201 Harvard Ave. (9)	761 Wellington Crescent (9)
HARRISON, JANET	LEADLEY, DIANA
172 Church Ave. (4)	350 Morley Ave. (13)
HAWORTH, ELIZABETH	LEDERMAN, KATHERINE
359 Oxford St. (9)	140 Victoria Crescent (8)
HAY, HELEN	LOGAN, DONNA LYNN
114 Lodge Ave. (12)	282 Winchester St. (12)
HEYWOOD, MAUREEN	MACAW, SIDNEY
151 Yale Ave. (9)	20 Victoria Crescent (8)
HOLLENBERG, CYNTHIA AND SARI	MACCHARLES, NEIL
742 South Drive (19)	540—7th Avenue S.W., Medicine Hat, Alta.
HUEBERT, IRENE	MACDONALD, HELEN-LOUISE
418 Laidlaw Blvd. (29)	404 Kelvin Boulevard (29)
HUNDEVAD, INGRID	MAJURY, SUSAN AND DIANA
1 Balsam St., Pine Falls, Man.	148 Elm St. (9)
HUNT, ALEXANDRA AND CATHERINE	MALONE, DEIRDRE
80 Waterloo St. (9)	213 Handsart Blvd. (29)
HUTCHINGS, SUSAN	MASON, ANN
198 Brock St. (9)	395 Niagara St. (9)
JACKSON, DEBORAH	MATTHEWS, GRACE-EVELYN
1 Oakdale Drive, Charleswood (20), Man.	375 Cambridge St. (9)
JACKSON, MARCIA	MCCREA, SUSAN
Ste. 1, 588 River Ave. (13)	420 Ash St. (9)
JOHNSTON, PATRICIA	McDIARMID, JANE
177 Yale Ave. (9)	1605 Victoria Ave., Brandon, Man.
KANDEL, SHEREEN ANN	McDONALD, PENNY
44 Roslyn Crescent (13)	127 Handsart Boulevard (29)
KAYSER, PAMELLA	MCGILL, PATRICIA
127 Cordova St. (9)	53 Oak St. (9)
KEATING, JOY AND DONNA MAY	MCGILVRAY, LORRAINE
130 Canora St. (10)	500—4th Ave., Neepawa, Man.
KENT, JILL	MCINTOSH, ELIZABETH AND CATHERINE
74 Westgate (1)	285 Sharpe Boulevard (12)
KIDD, ELLEN	MCKEAG, JANIS, DARCY AND KELLY
316 Rita St. (12)	313 Boreham Boulevard (29)

MOODY, JANE		REEVE, BARBARA AND PATRICIA	
R.R. No. 1, St. Norbert, Man.	GL 2-0203	71 Westgate (1)	SP 5-9078
MOORE, DARRYL		RICHARDSON, CAROLYN AND SERENA	
61 Roslyn Crescent (13)	GL 3-3968	5209 Roblin Boulevard, Charleswood, Man.	VE 2-5433
MORRIS, BARBARA		RICHARDSON, PAMELA AND KAREN	
1582 Wellington Crescent (9)	489-2974	484 Wellington Crescent (9)	GL 3-3192
MORRIS, LESLEY		RIDDELL, AGNES	
53 Harvard Ave. (9)	475-0512	Ste. 6, 207 Hugo St. (13)	GL 3-1971
MORRISON, MEREDITH		RILEY, JEAN, DEBORAH AND LESLIE ANN	
176 Harvard Ave. (9)	GR 5-6569	43 Middlegate (1)	SP 2-4467
MORTON, DIANNE		RILEY, SUSAN	
3822—6th Street S.W., Calgary, Alberta	CH 3-3008	143 Lawndale Ave., Norwood, Man.	GL 3-3443
MURRAY, MADELEINE AND LORRAINE		ROBERTS, PHILIPPA	
703 Wellington Crescent (9)	GL 3-1886	Box 145, Camp Shilo, Man.	Shilo 4338
NANCE, THEODORA		ROGERS, DONNA LEE	
4744—54 Street, Red Deer, Alberta	346-2923	836 Wellington Crescent (9)	GL 2-3573
NEBBS, LOUISE		ROULSTON, DENISE AND CLAIRE	
99 Braemar Ave., Norwood, Man.	CE 3-3957	327 Waverley Street (9)	452-8501
NEILSON, KATHRYN		RUSSELL, NANCY	
4909 Roblin Blvd., Charleswood, Man.	VE 2-1996	61 Waterloo Street (9)	HU 9-2731
NEWMAN, EVA		RUSSELL, NANCY j.	
104 Cumberland Ave. S., Saskatoon, Sask.	949-2139	740 South Drive (19)	GL 2-6526
NIGHTINGALE, DOROTHY		RUTTAN, LORNA	
111 Girton Boulevard (29)	HU 9-2766	Box 515, Lynn Lake, Man.	FL 6-2488
NOONAN, SHERYL		RYAN, CYNTHIA	
605 River Ave. (13)	GL 2-5587	9 University Campus, Edmonton, Alberta	GE 3-0460
OBERMAN, SHEREN		SAUNDERS, SUSAN AND JOAN	
N3, 331 Blake Gardens (3)	SP 5-7935	101 Park Boulevard	489-2874
OLIVER, SANDRA JEAN		SCHMIED, CAROLYN	
166 Cherry Crescent (6)	256-8544	P.O. Box 51, Churchill, Man.	OS 5-2244
OSLER, SUSAN		SCOTT, BONNIE ANN	
12 Ruskin Row (9)	GL 2-5267	191 Cordova St. (9)	HU 9-2673
PALK, BARBARA		SCOTT, ELIZABETH	
220 Waverley Street (9)	GR 5-6855	Ear Falls, Ont.	108
PATERSON, ELLEN		SELLERS, JOAN	
122 Grenfell Boulevard (29)	HU 9-5701	131 Ridgedale Crescent, Charleswood (20), Man.	VE 2-4815
PENNOCK, PATRICIA, CATHERINE AND MARTHA		SHELMERDINE, JOAN	
124 Grenfell Boulevard (29)	HU 9-3628	3612 Roblin Boulevard, Charleswood (20), Man.	VE 2-6830
PHILLIPS, LEAGH		SHERWOOD, DEBRA	
17 Iris Drive, University Heights (19)	GL 2-5002	41 Balmoral Place, Ste. 301 (1)	786-2607
POWELL, PATRICIA AND CLARE		SHORE, LISA	
115 Park Boulevard (29)	HU 9-5711	50 Waterloo Street (9)	GR 5-1500
PYBUS, JOANNE		SHORTILL, SUSAN	
457 Niagara Street (9)	HU 9-1105	2435 Assiniboine Crescent (12)	VE 2-6793
QUINN, JUDITH		SILVESTER, DEANNA	
235 Cordova St. (9)	HU 9-3029	897 Renfrew St. (9)	HU 9-7815
RACHMAN, MARY		SIMPSON, FAITH	
592 Stradbroke Ave. (13)	GL 3-5359	216 Good Street (1)	SP 5-4641
RATTRAY, JESSICA		SLAYTON, VIRGINIA	
180 Waverley Street (9)	GL 2-2327	330 Oak Street (9)	GL 3-3355

SMITH, DAWN	Box 54, Red Rock, Ont.	TU 6-2247	SYM, NANCY	Ste. No. 3 Plaza Apts., 29 Arbuthnot Street (9)	GR 5-0761
SMITH, KIRBY	510 Hosmer Boulevard (29)	HU 9-7680	TANNER, FRANCES	301 Cambridge Street (9)	GL 2-3938
SMITH, NANCY	136 Oak Street (9)	GL 3-2766	TAYLOR, DEY	3035 Hill Ave., Regina, Sask.	LA 2-0537
SMITH, PATRICIA	Lot 61, Headingly, Man.	VE 7-2589	TEMPLETON, COLLEEN	569 Niagara Street (9)	HU 9-4687
SPARROW, PATRICIA	27 Mohawk Bay, Niakwa Park (6), Man.	AL 3-5768	THOMAS, CATHERINE	150 Woodhaven Boulevard (12)	VE 7-2487
SPEAR, CATHERINE AND VIRGINIA	66 Waterloo St. (9)	GR 5-4516	THOMAS, MARGED AND RUTH	11445 University Ave., Edmonton, Alberta	GE 3-7852
SPEERS, DIANNE	561 Elm Street (9)	452-6177	TRIMBLE, CAROLE	324 Regal Ave. E., St. Vital (8), Man.	256-4151
SPENCER, COLLEEN	Ste. 204, 41 Balmoral Place (1)	774-6821	TRIMBLE, LYNN	233 Lamont Boulevard (29)	HU 9-1514
SPONNER, MILO	1028 University Drive, Saskatoon, Sask.	949-5065	TRUEMAN, MARTHA	179 Oxford St. (9)	452-9144
SPOUGE, GILLIAN AND ALISON	106 Niagara Street (9)	HU 9-4917	TUCKER, GAIL	134 Handsart Boulevard (29)	HU 9-5502
STACK, DIANE	271 Princeton Boulevard S., Charleswood (20), Man.	VE 2-6910	VINCENT, CONSTANCE	307 Dromore Ave. (9)	GR 5-5902
STEIDLE, DOREEN	No. 6B, 768 Preston Ave. (10)	SU 6-1388	WARD, EVADNE	Box 356, Sioux Lookout, Ont.	150-W-2
STEPHENS, SUSAN	322 Montrose Street (9)	GL 3-6822	WARDILL, SUSAN, CAROL AND PATRICIA	43 Triton Bay, St. Vital (8), Man.	AL 3-9990
STEPHENSON, JANE	502 South Drive (19)	GL 3-1285	WEBSTER, ELIZABETH	208 Brock Street (9)	HU 9-1016
STEWART, RUTH	201 Handsart Boulevard (29)	HU 9-5500	WHEELER, CHERYL	5B—268 Wellington Cresc. (9)	GL 2-2704
STEWART, SIGNY	137 Elm Street (9)	GL 3-2285	WIEBE, CAROL	133 Yale Avenue (9)	GR 4-2947
STOVEL, LESLIE	217 Handsart Boulevard (29)	HU 9-4583	WILEY, MARILYN AND ELAINE	395 Waverley Street (9)	GL 2-7995
STRAWBRIDGE, HELEN	274 Waterloo Street (9)	GR 5-5783	WILLIAMS, PAMELA	712 South Drive (19)	GL 3-3379
SUMIDA, DEBORAH	313 Lamont Boulevard (29)	HU 9-4974	WILLIS, PATRICIA	c/o G/C D. A. Willis, Officers' Mess, R.C.A.F. Station, Winnipeg	VE 2-5719
SUTHERLAND, JOANNE	246 Colony Street (1)	SP 2-2491	WIMBUSH, JENNIFER	Apartado 167, Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, S.A.	6073
SWAN, VIVIAN	657 Wellington Crescent (9)	GR 5-5766	WOOD, ALLISON	80 Yale Avenue (9)	GR 5-0135
SWANSON, MARY LOUISE	Box 700 — Gordon Lake Lac du Bonnet, Man.	Ontario 6-4512	YAKE, LAURA JEAN	389 Toronto Street (10)	SU 3-9291
SWINDELL, CAROL	117 Girton Boulevard (29)	HU 9-7253			

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EXCHANGES

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

THE BISHOP STRACHAN MAGAZINE	Bishop Strachan School, Toronto
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN	Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario
THE VICTORY	Churchill High School, Winnipeg
THE CROFTONIAN	Crofton House School, Vancouver, B.C.
SAMARA	Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ontario
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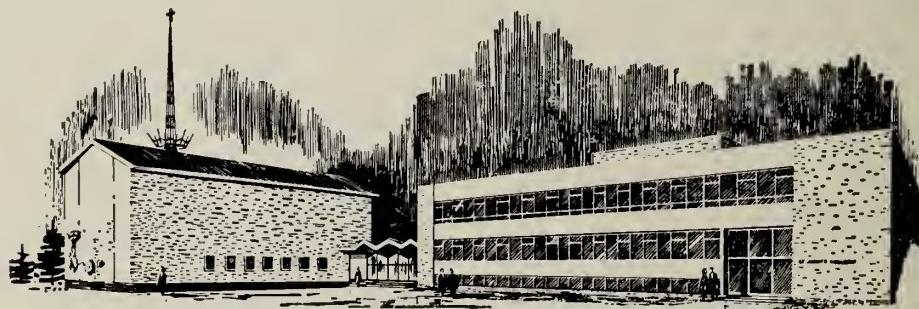
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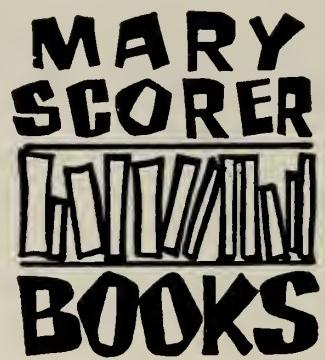
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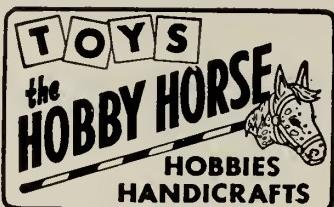
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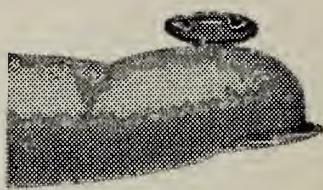
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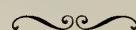
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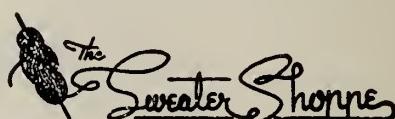
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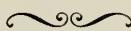
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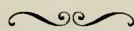
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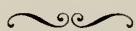
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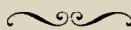
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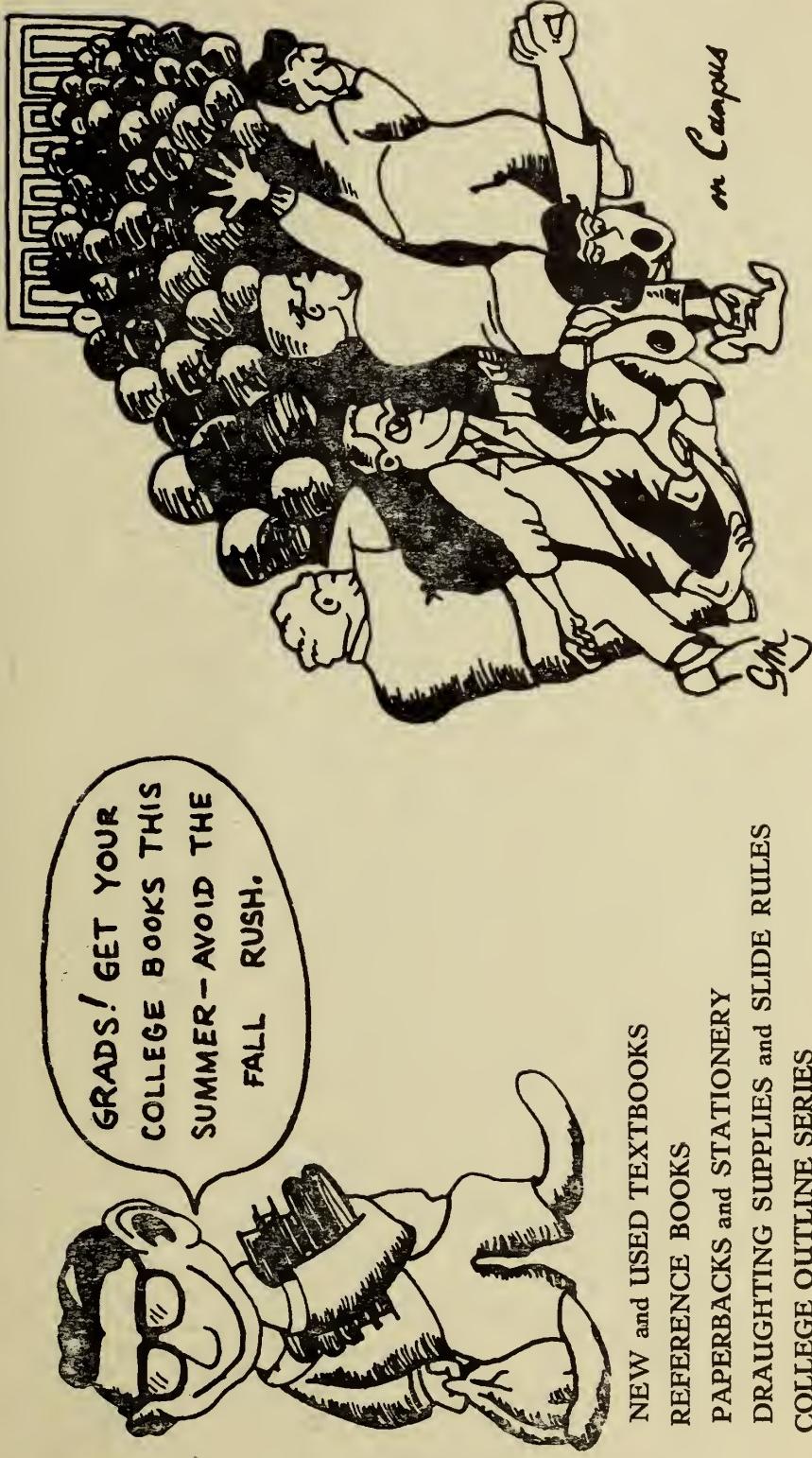
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